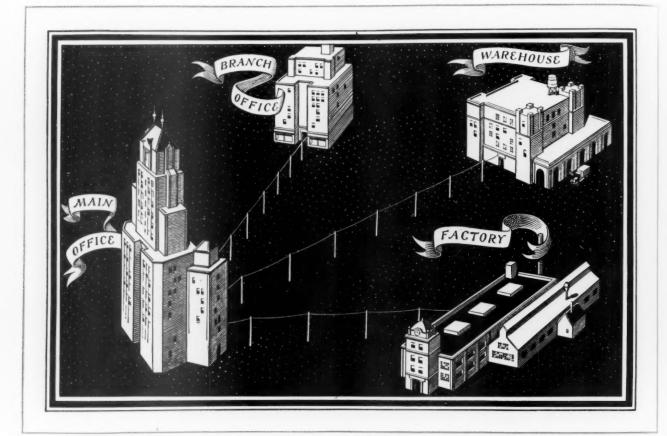
The ROTARIAN



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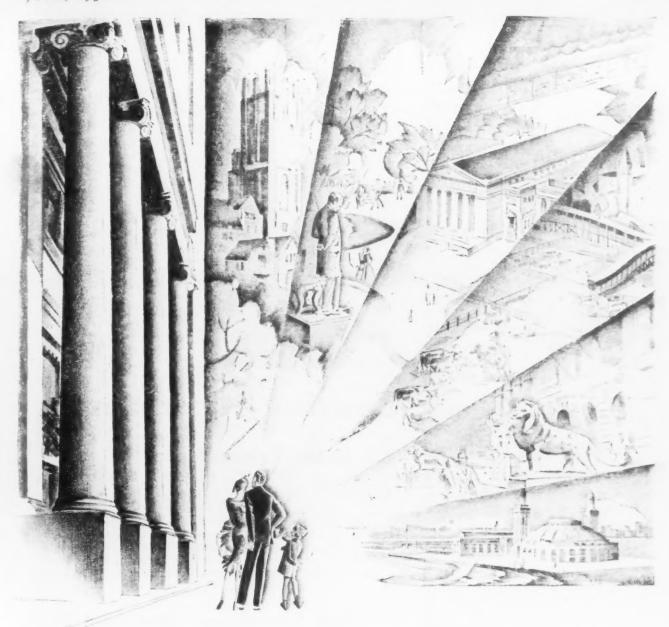
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For Rotarians attending the Chicago Convention these seven wonders hold unusual interest. To all of these you are welcome. Marshall Field & Company, in particular, invites you most cordially.

A Rotary booth will be maintained on our first floor for registration and information. Rotary tours are to be specially conducted through the store. The rest rooms on the third floor are at your service and your family's . . . so are the tea rooms on the seventh; and the Men's Grill in The Store for Men offers Rotarians a club at noon.

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Ye Jolly Tailor Invites You!

Ye Jolly Tailor welcomes the opportunity afforded by Rotary's Silver Jubilee celebration to further cement the warm friendship that exists between Rotarians everywhere and his house. For over thirty-five years our business policy has been closely akin to Rotary principles of fair dealing.

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CHICAGO

Price Bldg., 319-337 W. Van Buren St.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes



Coming-Next Month

At the Prison Gate

By J. R. Perkins

When the prison gate opens for the freed convict, what then? Will he drift back into crime, or find a place in society? The former warden of a state penitentiary discusses, without prejudice or sentiment, the convict's chances of making good. The first of a series of articles, one of which will be by an ex-convict, dealing with a vitally important problem from the viewpoint of business and society.

Our American Neighbors

Our English Neighbors

By Vivian Carter

By Phil Sheridan

Two articles by prominent writers, discussing in a neighborly way the foibles, habits, and national characteristics, good and bad (in their opinion) of English and American people.

Thirty Days Has September

By John Parsons

Should we reform the calendar? The author considers the disadvantages to business of the present calendar and explains the features of the proposed 13 months' calendar.

Also eight pages of convention news and reports describing and interpreting the Silver Anniversary convention at Chicago.

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCE-MENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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PRINCE IYESATO TOKU-GAWA is the present head of a family whose hereditary head, as Shogun, governed the whole of Japan from 1603 to 1867 when the shogunate was abolished and full power restored to the emperor. Prince Tokugawa, august, universally respected is president of the Japanese House of Peers (since 1903). He was educated both in Japan and abroad and presides with great poise and personal charm over the many organizations of which he is president: The America-Japan Society of Tokyo, the Pan-Pacific Association of Japan, the League of Nations Association for Japan, and the Japanese Red Cross, to mention only a few. He married Hiro Konoye-aunt of the present Prince Konove-in 1882, and has three daughters and one son, the latter-the Honorable Iyemasa Tokugawa-is Japanese minister to Canada. Prince Tokugawa represented his country at the Washington Conference in 1921 and returns again to the United States this June as one of the distinguished speakers before the Convention of Rotary International at Chicago.



Yeght Studio, Tokyo

Rotary Pilgrims Homeward Bound

By M. Eugene Newsom

President of Rotary International

F ANY obscure village seeks to immortalize itself, let one of its humble homes become the birthplace of a great man, and the world will make a pathway to its door.

The thousands of pilgrims who are journeying to Chicago this month of June to attend the Silver Anniversary of Rotary International will not think of this vast metropolitan city of Chicago in terms of boulevards, skyscrapers, marts of trade, but rather as the home of Paul Harris, a lonely lawyer who just a quarter century ago with three others evolved the idea of a classification-service club that has now extended its influence far beyond the boundaries of its native land.

Fellow-Rotarians, you are coming to Chicago to pay honor to that man, to hear his voice as he retells the story of those early days when Rotary was but a small group of congenial Chicago business men and rotated its meetings from one business office to another. It is highly appropriate that Chicago and Paul Harris and the Silver Anniversary of Rotary should thus be linked together for your pleasure and profit. This is to be an unforgettable occasion.

June's foregathering of Rotarians from all parts of the world is doubly significant because of the vocational problems that confront us as business men pledged in the higher ethics of our individual crafts, occupations, and professions.

We shall have frank and free discussion of Rotary problems, and shall endeavor to discover new channels through which Rotary may be disseminated more widely, and Rotary clubs made still more effective in the years that lie ahead.

This Silver Anniversary convention will serve as a testing-ground where Rotary may determine the practicability of its idealisms, and renew its faith in the soundness of its shibboleth of service above self. Chicago has prepared a hearty welcome for the thousands of pilgrims journeying to the birthplace of a movement which has circled the earth.

Internationalism is becoming a word of exalted significance these days. The high representatives of five nations have met in conference to devise means for the limitation of naval armament. They have made notable progress in that direction, but the future still presents obstacles that block the way to international good-will.

May I voice my deep conviction that Rotary will have something to offer in the coming years that will aid materially in the strengthening of the ties of peace, and contribute to the growth of mutual understanding and trust? That feeling of confidence and good-will will be engendered as business men of many nations, enlisted under the banner of Rotary, meet to find a solution of their common problems. Internationalism and Rotary are teammates today on the road to world brotherhood.

THE responsibilities laid upon the Rotary Club of Chicago are numerous and onerous, but every report which comes to me indicates that nothing will be left undone to make your visit memorable.

The plans for the impressive historical assembly are complete; the tableau will reveal the Founder of Rotary and each living past president as the hub and cogs of a gigantic Rotary wheel fashioned of seven hundred and fifty people. Entertainment will be varied and plentiful, culminating in a great water carnival and exhibition of pyrotechnics on the lake front. Hotel reservations are being completed to everyone's satisfaction. A huge outpouring of Rotarians from lands far and near is expected—the greatest of all gatherings held in the history of Rotary.

Chicago offers you the hand of hospitality and extends to you a hearty welcome.

China jams a thousand years into twenty as a new industrial day dawns in the Far East. Factory whistles are heard and motor cars roll along where wheel-barrows jogged a few years ago.



Illustrations by Frederick V. Carpenter

China: New Forces at Work

By Henry K. Chang

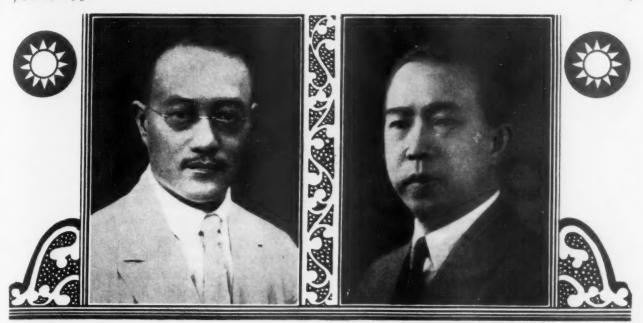
Consul-General of the Republic of China

NE hears a great deal of late about social unrest and military disturbances in China. It is freely admitted that there have been recurringly acute situations which are militating very heavily against the orderly development of our country. It must at the same time be pointed out that one cannot get a clear perspective of the present-day happenings in China through the press reports for the simple reason that the foreign newspaper correspondents in China only report those events which, in the newspaper parlance, have "news value," and because of the very high cable rates, events are reported only in skeleton form

or in the barest outline. Because of this fact, an erroneous interpretation is very often placed upon events so reported and therefore it is not to be expected that such reports reflect the true state of affairs in China.

All observers agree that China has made great strides forward in every department of her national life since the revolution of 1911. Although that revolution was only a political one in that it touched our national life but superficially, it did let loose certain forces which have had a far-reaching effect on our national life. These forces,—amongst which none is more potent than that of national consciousness—having once been set in motion, are continually gathering momentum. They have already wrought changes in our political, intellectual, and economical life that are bewildering.

in



There is little wonder, therefore, that political unrest and disturbances have followed in their wake, for these are but the unpleasant attendant circumstances of our attempts to readjust ourselves to these impelling changes. China is making history so fast these days that it is difficult to realize that she has compressed within the last twenty years more basic changes in her national fabric than all the changes that have taken place during the previous ten centuries. It is true that the different stages of these changes have been marked by social and political unrest that are sometimes discouraging. But it is now safe to assert that the forces at work are destined to triumph and that China will shortly emerge a new nation—rejuvenated and revitalized.

THE changes which have been taking place in China during the last few decades are so many and so complex, that it is worth-while considering all the elements which are going into the making of the New China.

All who are familiar with China's past and who have followed in their study of history the persistence of China's culture and its continuous development during the millenniums, must realize that much the largest percentage of the elements in the

make-up of the New China will be developed out of the Old China. As important as are the contributions coming from the West, these will never equal in richness and their

Affairs of China, and Henry K. Chang (right), Chinese Consul-General, stationed at San Francisco.

Dr. Chengting T. Wang (left), Minister of Foreign

effect on China, those things which have come down to the Chinese of the present-day from their own ancestors.

One of the greatest values which comes from the combination of revolution and renaissance in China is the releasing of many factors in China's past which have been held in restraint by the orthodoxy of Confucianism in its emphasis during the last few centuries.

One cannot speak of this phase of her transformation without taking into account the recent student movement. The world over, youth is full of enthusiasm and full of hope. But youth is impressionable and impatient. So is the present generation in China. They are impatient with the social inequalities that they see around them and they are sympathetic with the underprivileged classes. They are imbued with a keen desire for change. Time was when the educational authorities, misreading the signs of the time, mistook this tendency for a manifestation of a spirit of revolt and adopted very

stringent measures to suppress all student activities outside of their regular studies. In point of fact, these leaders were witnessing the intellectual rebirth of China.

In recent years, through the

adoption of a liberal policy by the educational authorities, teachers and students are encouraged to foster a healthy research into social and economical problems and, as the result, there has developed a critical attitude of mind in the general student body which has been brought to bear most effectively in creating public opinion.

This public opinion is responsible for many of our present-day reforms, and of these reforms none can equal in importance to the mass educational movements and the adoption of a fixed policy to place China's foreign relations with all countries on the basis of absolute equality and reciprocity and mutual regard for sovereign rights.

One of the most encouraging signs is that a much larger number of experienced and competent men in various forms of modern activities is found today, as compared with the number that was available twenty years ago. Until very recently, it was the rare exception that any scientific contributions of value were made by Chinese workers. But today numerous papers embodying results of studies by Chinese are to be found in various scientific journals, published both at home and abroad. Educated Chinese are taking their places in increasing numbers in education, engineering, medicine, commerce, and banking. Although it is true that the number

of competent workers is still insufficient to meet the present-day requirements, these skilled workers serve to form a solid foundation of public-spirited men and women with a keen realization of our present-day need, upon which our new social and political structures may rest in security.

RENAISSANCE is of course the interaction or fusion of different civilizations. China's renaissance is not a simple one, but a multiple one, because the varied, rich, old civilization of China is being acted upon, not by one foreign country, but by at least three streams of life coming from the Anglo-Saxon group, the countries of western Europe and the countries of eastern Europe. They are coming to China both directly and through the medium of neighboring countries. In the West, the situation has been reversed. There the various countries have usually evolved their national life through revolutions of distinct character, "in tandem," and have not attempted at one and the same time to carry on a political revolution, a social revolution, and an industrial revolution. China is doing all these things at the same time and contemporaneously with the abovedescribed very complex renaissance.

Politically, China has evolved a new form of government based on the so-called five-principle system, which preserves the old checks and balances as found through the creation of the Examination Yüan and the Control Yüan, thus retaining the basic idea of two similar government organs of former days with which the Chinese people [Continued on page 50]



Stripped of cornices, copings, and the artistic furbelows of a by-gone age, the Daily News building in New York (right), typical of modern skyscrapers, fulfills the engineer's purpose and creates a design majestic in its simplicity. At the left stands the Chrysler Building, now being completed



Photo: New York Daily News

The Artist's New Teacher

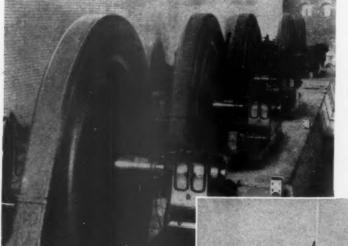
By Douglas C. McMurtrie

S WE observe the various applied arts of the present day: architecture, interior decoration, furniture design, typography, and many others, we become conscious of some new influence on design which has never before made itself felt. In its utter simplicity, in the absence of decorative frills and furbelows, and in an evident directness of purpose, contemporary design indicates clearly that we have entered on a new-style period.

Style periods, according to past experience, are of

considerable duration, usually lasting from thirty to fifty years, at the end of which a new style comes into vogue. So the beginning of a new cycle in the applied arts represents an event of considerable importance. The new style has been inaptly termed "modern," though this word means very little. Every new style adopted in generations past has been modern as compared with those which it succeeded. Yet this undescriptive adjective has been so widely used that it is now almost impossible of dislodgment.

We can trace the adoption of various styles of the past to certain specific influences, and the same holds



seeking sound principles of design."

tects worked largely out of books and their work
was applauded when it followed faithfully, to

"the artist of today is now looking to the engineer for inspiration and guidance in

was applauded when it followed faithfully, to the smallest detail, the classic models of the particular style in which they were working.

In interior decoration we found a similar situation existing. Drawing-rooms were in the Louis XV or some other historic style. Furni-

Photo: Enring Galloway

ture was faithful to the canons
of Adam, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, or some other master of
repute. So the story went.

true of our new contemporary style. What is this influence dominating present-day design?

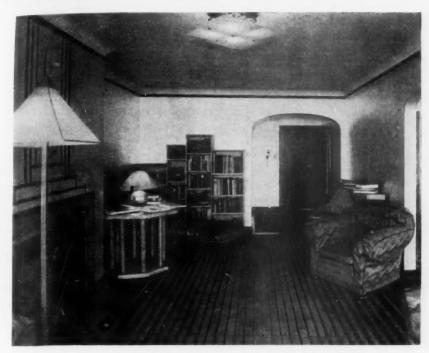
We had become very securely bound by the fetters of tradition—so much so, in fact, that designers in all the arts were producing replicas or revivals of designs of former periods. They were devoting almost no energy at all to creative work for the simple reason that, in the public taste then prevailing, there was no market for original work.

When we enlisted the services of an architect, we expected him to work up for us an authentic design in the American Colonial, Gothic, Tudor, or Italian Renaissance style. Archi-

INCE the close of the World War a revolutionary spirit has been abroad and, as in other fields, it made itself felt in the arts. Youth, always impatient with the fetters of tradition, became doubly impatient, and soon threw off all bonds. Art, it was quite logically held, should be a reflection of life. The art of past ages was all right for those who lived in the past, but for the living present there should be a living art representative of the present age.

What a travesty, the proponents of the modern movement urge, to live in a house over-decorated in the style of the French eighteenth century! The man of the house does not wear silken breeches nor silver buckles on his shoes. When he goes out he steps into an automobile and he travels on the





The delightful simplicity of modern living-rooms is a welcome relief from the stuffy parlors of the "mauve decade"

Twentieth Century or on the Broadway Limited. If he lives in the city his office may be on the thirty-fifth floor of a steel-frame building. Why then, should not his home be in the spirit of the twentieth century?

Life and living have changed vastly in the last two or three generations. Population has been concentrated into great cities which are centers of manufacture and commerce. Individual craftsmen by the million have been replaced by factories. Distant points have been brought into contact by speedy methods of transportation. The individual merchant has been giving way to great corporations. Hand work has been supplanted by machinery.

HEN we study thoughtfully the transformation in life and living which has been going on under our eyes, we realize that steel is the dominating force responsible in large degree for the changes which have been wrought. It is steel which has made possible the building of railroads and locomotives, it is steel which has made possible the myriad-storied skyscraper.

And as this is, beyond all doubt, the age of steel, it is likewise the age of him who works in steel and fashions it to his purpose: the engineer. It is an engineer who designs steel bridges, it is an engineer who works out the plans for intricate machinery, it is an engineer who puts up the steel frames which support great office buildings.

There was a time not long since when artists most heartily despised the engineer, with his prosaic and painstaking methods of work. But the worm has turned, and the artist of today is now looking to the engineer for both inspiration and guidance in seeking sound principles of design.

Design in the artist's sense was and is unknown to the engineer, who sought only to plan a structure or machine which would most perfectly fulfill the purpose for which it was intended, with the greatest possible economy of material and labor. In planning a steel bridge, the engineer seeks only to build a roadway from one side of a river to the other, strong enough to sustain any possible

load with an adequate factor of safety, with the fewest possible tons of steel and the least labor in fabrication.

Who designed the modern locomotive? In the artist's sense, no one did. The present locomotive represents an evolution effected solely by considerations of utility. Smokestacks have been shortened so as to permit boilers of larger diameter and still permit them to clear bridges. External appendages have been reduced to a minimum. Proportions of one part to the other have been determined by the effort to generate the greatest power and speed with the least coal consumption. No other considerations are of importance.

Who designed the modern [Continued on page 59]

Beauty, simplicity, and utility blend easily in furniture in the modern mode



Twenty Years Ago

By Chesley R. Perry

Secretary of Rotary International

We appreciate the courtesy of the Chicago Rotarians in arranging for us a trip on the river and the drainage canal, but we believe that we had better remain in session and attend to the business of the convention.

T WAS a sticky, hot midsummer day in Chicago in August, 1910, when a little group of Rotarians from sixteen cities, gathered for the formation of an association of Rotary clubs, made the foregoing declaration.

The group was small in size, but the enthusiasm was intense. The untold possibilities of the movement were in the mind of each delegate and they were inspired to tell of the interesting and satisfying experiences which they had already had in their respective clubs. One club (Chicago) was five years old. The rest of the clubs were of an age a little over two months to a little less than two years. Notwithstanding the youthfulness of the movement, something about it had gripped these groups of Americans from the east and the west and north and the south, as well as the central part of the United States.

The convention was called to order in the Congress Hotel by Paul P. Harris, who said:

This is going to be a convention in which we will get down to business. We need the best thought and cooperation of every man who is here. We are going to try to intersperse enough good times so that you will not remember it as a sad occasion, but nevertheless the primary purpose of this convention is to transact business.

The mayor was out of the city but his representative welcomed the delegates saying:

We feel greatly honored by having you meet here in your first annual convention. I have watched your growth in Chicago for several years and it epitomizes progress in the right direction. The city has been greatly benefited by the criticism and suggestions that have been offered to us by the Rotary Club of this city.

President Ramsay of the Chicago club said:

We Rotarians have been accused of being selfish. That is wrong. The closer we can get to each other in doing business, the more satisfactorily we can do business. I say that if I know you I can do business with you better than if I don't know you. I have an interest in you and you in me

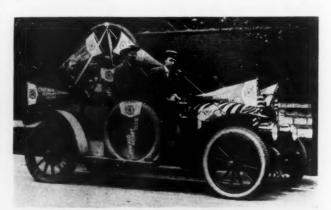
The presiding officer of the first Rotary convention, held in Chicago in 1910, relates some interesting historic facts not commonly known.

and therefore we can make a better business deal than if we were absolute strangers. The Rotary spirit is something that broadens a man and helps him to increase his business.

One of the resolutions which had been adopted by the several clubs prior to the convention was:

J. MUMA of Los Angeles was the temporary chairman and Bruno Batt of St. Louis was the temporary secretary. Paul Harris was nominated to be chairman of the convention, but declined.

A committee of five was appointed to examine the credentials of the delegates and another committee of five was appointed to make nominations for permanent officers.



Twenty years ago: The Chicago Rotary Club's official escort car. In the front seat is John Benton (at the wheel) and Will R. Neff, secretary. In the back seat: A. M. Ramsay (left), president, and Peter E. Powers (deceased).



The first Rotary Convention at Chicago in 1910 brought some sixty-five delegates, as this official photograph shows. Those in the picture identified by numbers, are: (1) J. E. Fitzwilson (Boston) secretary of convention; (2) E. A. Rich (Chicago) elected treasurer; (3) I. J. Muma (Los Angeles) temporary chairman; (4) E. B. Mettler (Kansas City); (5) A. M. Ramsay, president of Chicago Rotary Club; (6) Fred L. Rossbach (Chicago) elected director; (7) Bruno Batt (St. Louis) temporary secretary of convention; (8) Sylvester Schiele (Chicago) first president of Chicago Rotary Club; (9) Charles W. Rutledge (St. Louis); (10) Bradford Bullock (New York City) chairman, Constitution and By-Laws Committee; (11) Ernest L. Skeel (Seattle); (12) Frank L. Thrasher (Minneapolis) elected director; (13) William J. Bovard (New Orleans) elected director; (14) Daniel L. Cady (New York City); (15) Chesley R. Perry (Chicago) chairman of convention; (16) Paul P. Harris (Chicago) elected president; (17) Harry L. Ruggles (Chicago) song leader.

The permanent organization of the convention was effected with the election of Chesley R. Perry of Chicago as chairman, J. E. Fitzwilson of Boston as secretary, and Werner Hencke of St. Louis as sergeant-at-arms.

The chairman in taking the chair declared:

We are here ready to do our part of the world's work, anxious to have a share in the great civic uplift of our day and desirous of establishing and maintaining the highest of business standards. Rotary is already a wonderful force and no one can attempt to foretell its future growth. You have important work to do in establishing the fundamental laws of this association. May all your mental faculties be attuned to a harmony of action which will produce an organization which will live and grow and become the greatest exemplification of the spirit of cooperation the world has ever known.

Committees on Constitution and By-Laws, on Resolutions, and Nominations for officers were chosen.

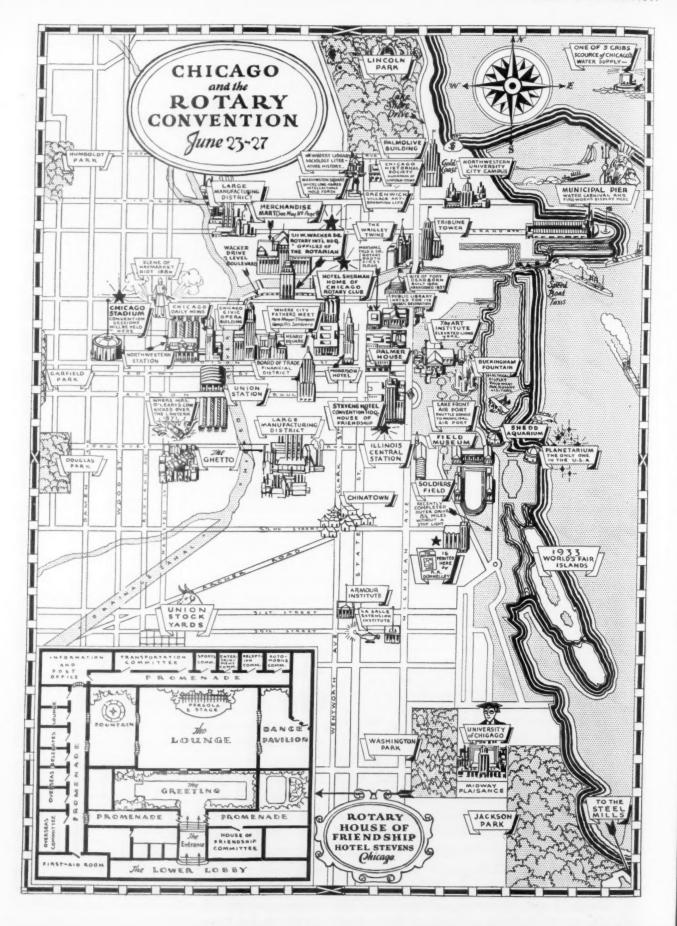
The drafting of the constitution and by-laws was recognized as the first thing to be done. Fortunately President Bradford Arthur Bullock of the New York Rotary Club had brought to Chicago a tentative draft of such a document. Consequently he was made chairman of the Constitution and By-Laws Committee. Associated with him were Paul Harris of Chicago, Charles W. Rutledge of St. Louis, E. L. Skeel

of Seattle, and William J. Bovard of New Orleans. This committee worked not only in the daytime, but far into the night. One session did not terminate until about four in the morning.

While the convention was awaiting the report of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, there was an inter-change of ideas among the delegates regarding Rotary club work—as to how to secure members without having hard feelings on the part of those who did not get in. There was some discussion of the advisability of having ladies' auxiliaries.

NE club president said that he thought it was a hard enough job to handle a couple hundred men, without having the ladies on their hands. However, there were many reports of successful ladies' nights and outings with the ladies.

The question of the necessary amount of annual dues for a Rotary club was a subject of lively discussion. Qualifications for membership and publicity in the newspapers received attention. Most of the clubs were finding it difficult to reconcile their desire for publicity regarding the club as an active, going institution and their disinclination to have made public the fact that members were [Continued on page 48]



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Because We Are Conventional

By W. W. Blair-Fish

Organizing Secretary of Rotary International: Association for Great Britain and Ireland, and Editor of "The Rotary Wheel"

HEN I was at the Dallas Convention, the editor bade me write an article for The ROTARIAN on "My First Convention." Now he bids me write one on "My Prospective Second." To be literally correct, he writes (from the safe distance of some five thousand miles), "Tell me in 1,500 words why you are coming to the Chicago Convention."

My answer (in three words) would be, "I don't know." But that would not be sufficient for an article—except in the case of the very highly paid. Anyway, I hasten to remind myself that editors never say, "I don't know." They often don't, but they always have to—on paper. Even to the length of 1,500 words.

May I break off to write a short article on a subject which really interests me far more? This is,

"Why Do American Readers Like Long Articles?" I observe that Americans spend far too long hours in their offices, much too short hours at their meals, practically no hours at all in sleep and meditation, and all the rest of the day and night in driving Europeans round the city in automobiles.

When, therefore, do they read the long articles in their magazines? The answer either is that they don't read them, or that their office hours are given up to doing so. The latter is absurd, of course, because we know that their office hours are given up 19 per cent to telling hell to sellers, as to 1 per cent to telling heaven to buyers, and as to 80 per cent to just telling.

Why do we go to conventions? For business purposes and information? The author proceeds to give some reasons for the convention habit.

Therefore I assume that they don't read the long articles in their magazines—and that is much less absurd. It would be quite too bad to have to buy the magazines and read the articles too. Personally, I don't much object to tacking about a bit in the broad open estuary of an American article's first two pages; but, like all other self-respecting Englishmen, I decline to track its last few thousand words where it meanders through a tropical maze of advertisements somewhere in the back of the book. Ultimately, you see, it resolves itself into the question of whether the magazine is made for the advertisements or the ad-

vertisements for the magazine; or rather, ultimately it's no question at all: the magazine is always made for the advertisements. When you properly realize that, you'll make the writers buy the space; and the articles will be quite short; and you'll start reading them.

Bernard Shaw once said that Rotarians would do anything except mind their own business. This year we asked him to come to our national conference at Edinburgh and tell us how to do it. He replied: "No—I can tell where Rotary is going without travelling to Edinburgh to find out. It is going to lunch: and that is as far as it will ever get in this country."

Win a Cash Prize With Your Note Book

HAT do your eyes, your ears, and your heart tell you about the Chicago Convention? The ROTARIAN will award two cash prizes of \$100 each for the two best articles by convention delegates or visitors.

Specifications are simple. Articles must be limited to 500 words and may be submitted in any language. One prize will be awarded for the United States or Canada; the other for a contribution from another country.

If a prize is awarded for an article in a language other than English, an English translation will be published along with the original text.

The contest closes August 1 and the prize-winning articles will be published in the September issue of The ROTARIAN. This magazine reserves the right to publish worthy articles other than prize-winners.

Now Shakespeare knew better than that. He knew that it is only by lunching together that you will get anywhere at all. That is why, to show that Shylock was the sort of man who would never make a good Rotarian, he made him say: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you." For the man who will have a pound of flesh out of another man after he has eaten a pound of steak with him has

tion? For business opportunities and information? Bless your heart, no! Simply from the primordial love of a bean-feast! Why did the Canterbury pilgrims go to Canterbury? Because spring was in their blood and the human wanderlust upon them—

The droughte of March hath piercèd to the roote . . . When that Aprilë with his showeres soote Then longen folk to go on pilgrimages—

and to tell funny stories on the way.

Chicago Proves Faith With Works

CHICAGO labors under a newspaper-manufactured reputation for crime, but the real Chicago is infinitely finer. A distinct proof is afforded in the attitude of Chicago toward the coming convention of Rotary International. Typifying amity, understanding, and earnest desire to aid and cooperate, each with the other, Rotary has strongly appealed to the great heart of Chicago.

Let us cite some outstanding examples: In its School for Drivers, one of the important taxicab companies has for weeks been instructing its drivers in the principles and accomplishments of Rotary, to the end that their drivers may inform their customers—answer any questions that may be asked.

After consideration by its Board of Directors, the Peoples Gas Company decided to throw open the main lobby of their great building on Michigan Avenue as a place of registration. Downtown hotels, without cost, have provided more than one hundred meeting places for vocational-service assemblies, and some forty banquet rooms for district dinners.

Richard Wolfe, Commissioner of Public Works of the City of Chicago, gave without charge the use of the great Municipal Pier during the Water Carnival and Fireworks display, saying: "I have long been interested in Rotary. You can have anything you want."

When the Rotary Convention bank account was opened, a vice-president of the bank, not a Rotarian, said: "I'll make the first deposit." He tendered his check for \$1,000, and while it could not be accepted, his act amply proves the prevailing spirit.

These are outstanding examples. There are many others—kindly, friendly gestures from individuals and concerns, all combining to prove that in the birthplace of Rotary you will find the Spirit of Rotary.

broken something more ancient and universal than the ten commandments and more important than the Pact of Paris. The vilest custom in the whole of modern commerce is that of taking a man out to lunch in order to be better able to take him in.

Rotary, therefore, in seeking to influence the business life of a community, is rightly built upon the club lunch, which is rather a sacrament than a meal; and so also, in seeking to influence our international lives, its conventions are built upon meals and merriment, on high living rather than on plain thinking.

I suppose hardly any one thinks about why he goes to a Convention. Generally speaking, good Rotarians don't go—they only return. We do not bring the pick of the keen Rotarians and the best thinking minds in Rotary—unless incidentally, of course. Whom we bring are those with sufficient money and leisure to make the trip and sufficient lack of traditional British prejudice to face going to America instead of to the Mediterranean.

And why do we come? Consciously to imbibe the pure milk of Rotary from the can of its concentraWe go to Conventions, in short, because we are conventional. And the result—not the object—is to be shaken out of our conventions. If we knew, when we step into the train at Waterloo, that when we step out of it again at Waterloo a month later we shall be for all time changed, most of us would turn about and fly for the remote, familiar fastness of good old Hamboroford in Middlewickshire (the hub of the universe, because it never moves), and would demand our money back.

Do YOU suppose that Hamboroford—which, incidentally, can boast 5,000 unemployed, more tons of soot per acre than any other town in England, and the golf links where Wally Jagen won the championship for America—wants business opportunities? Or business information (which we know very well is only a euphony for that hateful and derogatory word "education")? Not a bit of it! I don't mean, of course, that Hamboroford isn't as fond of a full order book as any city in America; but it is not going to drive its fondness to any [Continued on page 51]

Facets of Chicago

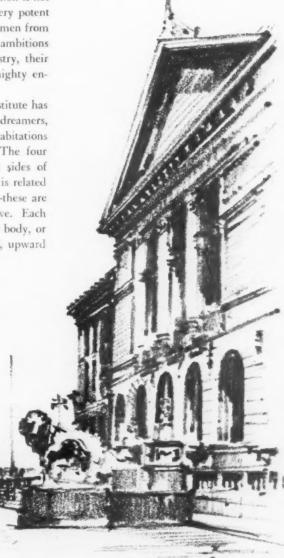
A Series of Pencil Sketches

By Frederick V. Carpenter

Text by William Hay Williamson

BACK of the mighty and the exquisite construction of the ages has been the artist whose dream has become fact. Art speaks in a common language and provides an outlet for vivid expressions. Strategic geographical position is not enough to account for Chicago's greatness. A very potent other reason is that hither have come men and women from all over the world. Here they have brought their ambitions and their courage, their industry and their artistry, their hopes and their prayers. And the result is a mighty ensemble of strength and beauty.

Itself beautiful and imposing, Chicago's Art Institute has nurtured the dreams of a cosmopolitan array of dreamers, those gifted men and women without whom the habitations of mankind would be drab and unbeautiful. The four sketches in this series display vitally important sides of many-sided Chicago. Directly or indirectly each is related to the other. Art, religion, industry, commerce—these are the elements that have lifted man from the primitive. Each betokens vision. Each reflects work of mind, or body, or both, and all combine to aid man in his onward, upward march.



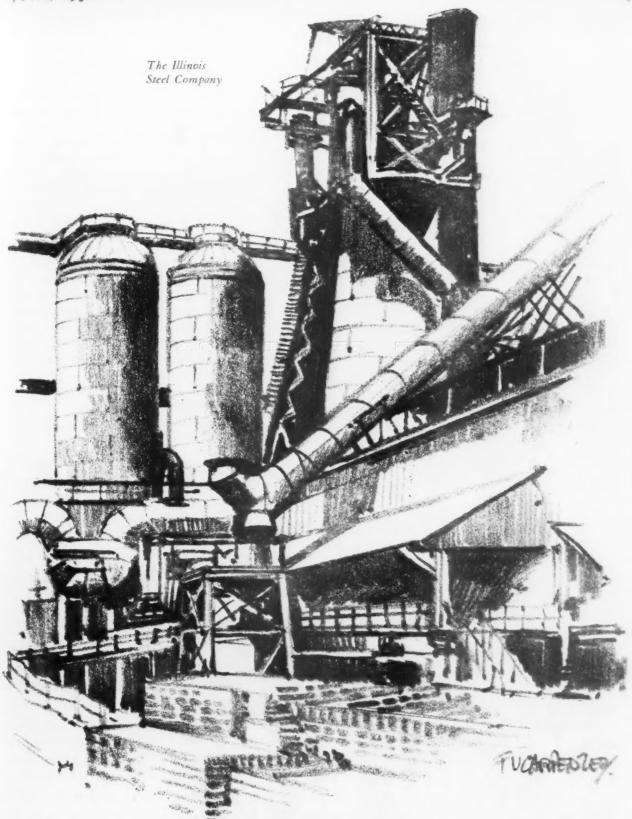
The Art Institute

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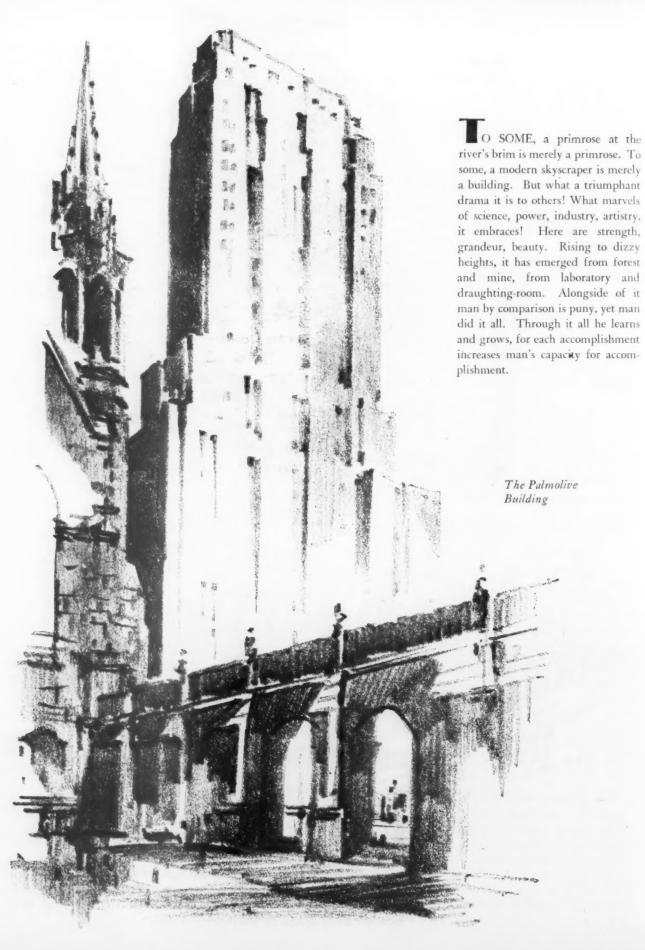


The Chapel— University of Chicago

YMBOLIC of its function, to house worshippers of the Almighty, is this structure. Architects have pronounced the University Chapel one of the finest expressions of the Gothic on the Western Continent. Here also is handiwork of man that begets reverence. Beautiful, strong, serene, firm, one has the instinctive impression that reverent genius inspired the brain whence sprang this concept, and guided the hand that traced the lines. This building needs no label. Its purpose is obvious. It does not invoke shouts of approval, but murmurs, and is one of many sturdy proofs that the Spirit of Religion is very real in Chicago.



BELCHING flames—crackling blasts—hissing showers of sparks—an inferno of white heat—writhing muscles glistening with sweat—molten masses that sullenly roar their unavailing protests—here is the titanic struggle between man and metal, where mind triumphs over matter, and the bowels of the earth have yielded grudgingly and with deadly threat their age-old riches to be fashioned into products for the comfort of man.



A prominent Mexican attorney discusses the recent decision of President Hoover, that one of the qualifications for ministerial appointment shall be a speaking knowledge of the language of the country to which the appointee is accredited.



Photo: Marlborough, New York

Blas E. Rodriguez of Tampico, Mexico

SPEAKING Language of Good-Will

By Blas E. Rodríguez

RESIDENT HOOVER'S recent decision that all United States' representatives to Spanish-speaking countries must know how to speak Spanish, deserves the hearty commendation of everyone interested in promoting good-will between Latin American countries and the United States.

This topic is so universally interesting that I am sure it will be widely noted and commented on by Rotarians, since this edict of President Hoover is one of the most far reaching in the realization of goodwill and understanding among the nations of the North American Continent.

Nothing seems more natural and necessary than that we should speak the language of those with whom we wish to deal. Applying this same principle to international relations we may conclude that when a representative from one country to another is appointed, whether for purposes of friendship, business, or any other reason, it is natural that the most efficient means of maintaining the desired end should be employed. The only method by which this may be successfully accomplished is through a knowledge of the language.

If the ideas, the aptitudes, the tendencies, the character, the emotions—the psychology in general of a people—and even their economic interests—are only to be understood through the knowledge of their language and if without this knowledge we cannot have true understanding, sympathy, and friendship, it seems absurd and almost unbelievable that countries have not always worked with this fact in mind.

Nevertheless, throughout history, misunderstandings, the lack of intuition, arrogance of rulers, and finally the pride of the [Continued on page 54]

An Attempt at Murder

By Karel Čapek

Illustration by Raeburn Van Buren

HAT evening Mr. Tomsa, a higher civil servant, was just relishing his ear-phones, and with a bland smile was listening in on the wireless to a pleasant rendering of Dvořák's dances. "That's something like a tune," he said to himself contentedly, when all of a sudden there were a couple of loud reports from outside and glass was scattered with a crash from the window above his head. (The room in which Mr. Tomsa was sitting lay on the ground-floor.)

And then he did what any of us would do: first of all, he waited for a moment, to see what was going to happen next; and then, and not till then, he took fright, for he saw that somebody had fired twice at him through the window near which he was sitting. There, opposite him in the doorway, a splinter had been ripped away and beneath it a bullet was embedded.

His first impulse was to rush out into the street and with his bare hands to seize the ruffian by the collar. But when a man is getting on in years and has a certain dignity to keep up, he generally gives a first impulse the miss, and decides in favour of the second one. And that is why Mr. Tomsa made a dash for the telephone and rang up the police:

"Hallo," he shouted, "send someone here at once. An attempt has just been made to murder me."

"Where is it?" said a sleepy and listless voice.

"Here, in my flat."

Mr. Tomsa flared up in sudden anger, as if the police could help it. "It's perfectly outrageous to start shooting like this, for no reason at all, at a lawabiding citizen, who's sitting quietly at home. This has got to be looked into very strictly. It's a fine state of affairs when—"

"All right," the sleepy voice interrupted him. "I'll send someone to you."

Mr. Tomsa fumed with impatience. It seemed to him an eternity before this someone made his apAroused from smug contentment by an attack on his life, Mr. Tomsa, a law-abiding citizen, recalls his recent past and decides to forego his usual custom of sitting near the window.

pearance. In reality but only twenty minutes elapsed before a stolid police-inspector had reached him and was inspecting with interest the window through which the shots had passed.

"Someone's been shooting here, sir," he said.

"I could have told you that," burst forth Mr. Tomsa. "Why, I was sitting here by the window."

"Seven millimetres calibre," announced the inspector, extricating the bullet from the door by means of a knife. "Looks as if it's been fired from an old army revolver. Just look here. The chap, whoever he was, must have been standing on the fence. If he'd been standing on the pavement, the bullet would have gone in higher up. That means he must have been aiming at you, sir."

HAT'S funny," observed Mr. Tomsa bitterly, "I almost thought he was trying to hit the door."

"And who did it?" asked the inspector, ignoring this interruption.

"I'm sorry I can't give you his address," said Mr. Tomsa. "I didn't see the gentleman and I forgot to invite him inside."

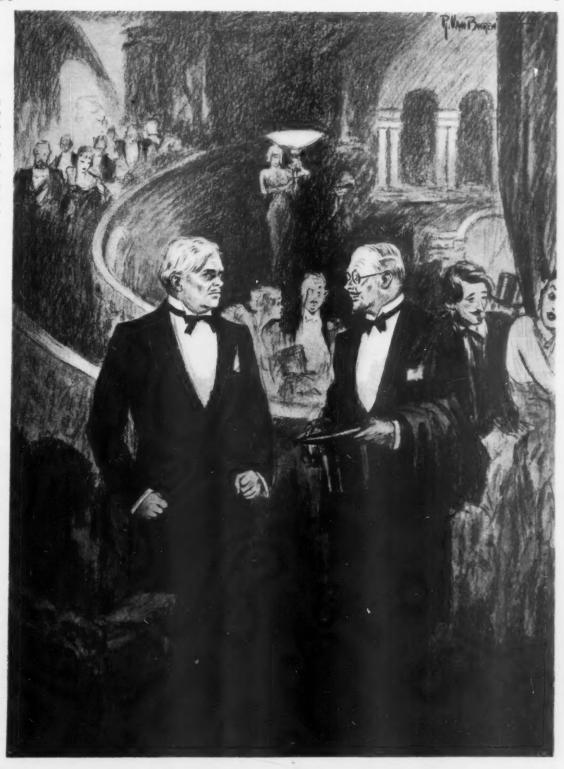
"That makes things difficult," remarked the inspector placidly. "And who do you suspect?"

Mr. Tomsa's supply of patience gave out.

"Suspect?" he began irritably. "Man alive, I never saw the blackguard, and even if he'd been good enough to wait till I'd blown a kiss to him through the window, I couldn't have recognized him in the darkness. My dear sir, if I knew who it was, do you think I'd have bothered you to come here?"

"Well, yes, there's something in that, sir," replied the inspector soothingly. "But perhaps you can think of somebody who'd profit by your death, or who might want to pay you out for something

"Mr. Tomsa remembered how Roubal had merely gulped and dug his nails into his clenched hands."



You see, sir, this wasn't no attempted burglary. A burglar don't shoot unless he has to. But there may be somebody who's got a grudge against you. That's for you to say, sir, and then we'll look into it."

Mr. Tomsa was taken aback. He hadn't thought of it in that light.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he said waveringly, casting a glance over the peaceful life he had led as

a civil servant and a bachelor. "Who could have a grudge against me?" he said in bewilderment. "As far as I know, I haven't a single enemy in the world, most positively I haven't. The thing's quite impossible," he added, shaking his head. "Why, I never fall out with anyone; I keep entirely to myself. I never go anywhere, I never poke my nose into anything. What should any [Continued on page 54]



All Photos by Kausman & Fabry. Chicago

The "Chief" and the three department heads: Left to right—Robert C. Hilkert, Office Management; Lester B. Struthers, Programs; Chesley R. Perry, Secretary of Rotary International; Alex. O. Potter, Club Organization and Administration.

A view of a part of the General Offices of Rotary International.

A visitor learns of Rotary extension in Europe



You Need No Baedeker Here

By Walter Locke

HICAGO has a way with the railroads. Try to get through Chicago without having to stop to buy a sandwich and spend an interval inspecting that day's new Michigan Avenue skyline! It can't be done.

No matter where you are going, the railroad dumps you in Chicago and says in effect: "See Chicago first. When you've done that, come back and we'll have a train to take you the rest of the way." A railroad would as lief think of sailing a train straight through the Atlantic Ocean as of running one straight through Chicago. If ever there wasn't a flag station, that station is Chicago. This explains where Chicago gets its three million people. They've all just come in on the train and are waiting for the railroads to let them have a train out.

Of course one doesn't say this in Chicago, and if this June, maybe you'd better not say it in THE ROTARIAN. Maybe it's all sour grapes, anyway. I'm envious of Chicago. If the railroads would keep three or four million people perpetually stopped over in my town, then maybe Rotary International General Headquarters would find it convenient to move thither, and that would be nice. I know, for I have just been up there, and that's what I'm telling you about now.

This last time when the railroad dumped me in Chicago before breakfast with a promise to let me leave a little after noon a big idea struck through. I remembered that every year my Rotary club sends six dollars of my money off to Chicago. Here was a chance to check up on that extravagance. Five minutes and 45 cents landed me in front of the familiar 211 West Wacker Drive address.

The present capitol of Rotary International is a white stack of stories reaching cloudward from what used to be the right but is now the left bank of the Chicago river. It is a rented capitol, and only the eighth and ninth floors at that. Well, the United

For this is your home, as a visitor to Chicago discovered—a visitor who had a morning to spend, but stayed all day.

States itself didn't have a capitol of its own till it was a dozen years old. There's a Rotarian Andrew Carnegie coming, sure as Rotary keeps its health and vision, who will build for Rotary International some such capitol in Chicago as the original Andrew built for that other great international institution, the international court of arbitration, at The Hague. In the back of our head lurks this lovely dream; but for the present we face the Wacker Drive reality. So onward and upward to the eighth floor. Would you believe it? They were waiting for me there!

OW did G. H. Q. know I was coming? I had you are going to the big Rotary stop-over in Chicago 'planned a surprise attack, and right in front as I disembarked from the elevator there sat waiting for me one of the best friends I have ever had. I didn't know her name, and, for that matter, don't remember it now; but what's a name between friends! This lady greeted me as the old friend which I immediately became, and presented me, as the distinguished visitor which she made me sure I was, with the keys to the castle. She begged me to do her the honor of depositing my autograph in a book which she kept for the names of eminent Rotarian visitors like me. When I had done this a gentleman presented himself and, addressing me by my Rotarian first name, begged me to do him the honor of permitting myself to be shown about by him.

> Some day somebody will write a book on the philosophy of the first name. When that is done, we shall see that Rotary's discovery of first names is one of its several major services to humanity. Call me Jones and I am respectful but cold. Call me Jack or Jim and I am a long-lost brother. This gentleman, here in the heart of hurly-burly Chicago, a place of three million transient strangers, called me by my



A section of the Editorial and Business offices of THE ROTARIAN Magazine.

Page 39 receives the final O. K.: Emerson Gause (left) Associate Editor, and Harvey C. Kendall, Business Manager, of the magazine.

first name and, a sudden citizen in an alien land, I had my six dollars' worth on the spot. With the feeling that I had known this friend and brother all my life and through all appropriate previous incarnations, I placed myself in full trust in his charge.

The first Rotary club was started in Chicago 25 years ago last February. The national association of Rotary clubs was not formed till five years later. There were then 16 Rotary clubs in the world. There are now 3,300 clubs with 152,000 members scattered over all the earth. The lights by which a land is lighted must have a central plant. Growing as Rotary grew, the general headquarters of Rotary have expanded into these two floors of 211 West Wacker Drive, with a complex of executive departments which calls for the services of 100 workers. In a factory turning out a standardized product, 100 workers are easily seen and explained. At Rotary headquarters, such is the diversity of activities, that one may explore all day and be only half done at night.

We shall begin at the eighth floor and work up. We shall begin at the front and move to the rear. This starts us at the offices of The ROTARIAN. Editors are brothers in distress. No editor ever fears to throw himself on the mercies of another. We walk impudently in upon Emerson Gause, who signs himself "associate editor." Here's where the nearly 150,000 copies of The ROTARIAN come from on their way to Rotarians throughout the world. This accounts for \$1.50 of the \$6.00 we started out to find. Harvey C.

Kendall, business manager (and this year president of the Headquarters Staff Society), tells us from his corner that the magazine carried 29 per cent more business this May than last, and that the June Number (which you are now reading) will exceed the same issue of last year by an increase of more than 36 per cent in advertising volume.

This staff society, whose chief officer we have just met, is the co-educational club of headquarters' workers and great work for intra-international Rotarian peace it does. The staff in its occasional assemblies is very much like a Rotary club. There is singing, and reports from department and division heads. I find the group-insurance plan in effect with sick benefits, and those who are ill are remembered with flowers, a fund existing for that purpose made up of contributions from the staff members. The lady who guards the gate to The ROTARIAN spells her name Passerelli. If this doesn't sufficiently reflect the internationalism of the place we present as further samples from the headquarters' roster such names as Doeder-

lein, Navarro, Rosenfeld, Buehler, Setzke, Callahan, Stopa, Ritzenthaler, and Jones.

Every month there goes out from Rotary G. H. Q. a communique printed in five different tongues, English, German, French, Spanish, and Czech. A headquarters which serves pretty nearly the whole world must be an international place. Workers representing a medley of races and tongues operate here in all the good-will and mutual understanding which Rotary International invokes for all the nations and peoples of the earth. Back of The Rotarian offices on the eighth floor are the printing and mailing activities of Rotary G. H. Q. One is permitted to see here also the dignified room where the directors and committees of Rotary International meet. And now we go to the offices on the floor above.

The day before this visit, Rotary Headquarters received a wire

from Central America asking for the shipment of 5,000 tubes of vaccine by air mail. Here was a Costa Rican who knew that there is an American with vaccine and a Rotary International whose business was service. The vaccine went southward pronto. With more than 3,000

clubs to serve in ways such as
this and ten thousand more,
headquarters received in March
12,000 pieces of mail and had in that
month 22,768 items to place within its files.

This ninth floor is half an acre of department heads and clerks, neat-looking desks, and files. Rotary exists to accomplish certain definite, divers objects and here is the reminder of this fact. It must begin, of course, by keeping itself alive and growing. In all the history of Rotary only five clubs have ever died. Alex. Potter's department on the ninth floor is devoted primarily to extension (or the organization of new clubs) and to club administration service. Here not only is a "first aid" section to help new clubs to be born; but equally it is the doctor to such clubs as are sick. Always, in a list of 3,000 odd clubs there must be a few such. Their cases are under special observation in a special hospital file and black would be the sense of defeat were another death actually to occur. Was there ever so large an organization with

so small a mortality rate? However, while this is the "first aid" section, club administration service is the principal function, and this includes the administration problems of local clubs, for example the oftencomplex problem of classifications. This, probably more than any other department, is your club's "Service Station."

We round up Robert Hilkert who, with the largest force of all, has the general administration of the office on his hands. He looks after the accounting, entrance to Rotary General Headquarters - here

collecting, purchasing, copying, mailing, printing, filing, typing,—work for forty men and women.

the Colors of sixty na-

tions tell Rotary's story.

We reserve to the last Lester Struthers' "program" department, with its five divisions, each with its special service to Rotary clubs. Here come the clubs for help with their programs and inspiration in the prosecution of their several objects [Cont'd on page 50]



O. OXELBERG LINDHARD

Rotary Personalities—



MASAO OHTA



E. HERRERO DUCLOUX



TADAO OKAZAKI



OTTO MONSON

O. OXELBERG LINDHARD, importer, royal purveyor to the court of Denmark, served his government at one time as chairman of the property valuation committee, and in 1928 was knighted by his king. Long prominent in Danish Rotary, participating in three conferences, he is the first governor of the new seventy-fifth district (Kingdom of Denmark).

HERRERO DUCLOUX, Ph.D., professor of chemistry in the University of LaPlata, is on a mission in Germany for his government arranging for an interchange of students and professors between German and Argentine universities and while there he plans to study the methods of the large German associations organized to aid and assist needy students.

ASAO OHTA, graduate of the Imperial University, Tokyo, Counsellor of the South Manchuria Railroad and charter member of the Rotary Club of Mukden, is now on a tour that will take him around the world. He attended the recent Third Pacific Rotary Conference in Sydney and will represent his club at the Chicago Convention in June.

ADAO OKAZAKI, director of the Hyogo Electric Railway Company, Kobe, Japan, was one of the group of distinguished Japanese visitors in attendance at the Third Pacific Rotary Conference, recently held in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. He is a charter member of the Rotary Club of Kobe.

TTO MONSON, D.D.S., member of the Rotary Club of Santa Monica, California, head of the delegation of United States Rotarians attending the Third Pacific Rotary Conference in Sydney, Australia, declared in his reply to the address of welcome, "there are no 'foreigners' in Rotary, for the movement recognizes no difference in race, creed, or color."

Charles F. Kennedy
as a member of the
University of Chicago football team in
1903—and today as
president of the Kennedy Manufacturing
Company of Van
Wert, Ohio.



"I realize that it takes more than one head to run a business, so our people are all chosen with the idea of group management."—Charles F. Kennedy.



Photo: Helen R. Webster

Football Taught Him a Business Lesson

By Ford Owens

O YOU think high school and college students of today—it may be your own son is among them—spend too much time with athletics? Do you believe all of this talk about athletics developing character is pretty much "bunk?"

If you do, listen to the story of Charles F. Kennedy. If it hadn't been for a certain football game back in 1903, it is quite probable there would be many a mechanic today complaining that he couldn't find a satisfactory box for his tools. If it hadn't been for this gruelling contest between two university elevens, many a fisherman would likely be carrying his tackle

this summer in an improvised cigar-box instead of a trim steel kit.

For Rotarian Kennedy, president of the Kennedy Manufacturing Company of Van Wert, Ohio, attributes the fact that his company is busy making thousands of steel tool-kits and fishing-tackle boxes, to a lesson he learned on the football field.

Mr. Kennedy is a graduate of the University of Chicago. In his school days he played on one of Chicago's most famous teams, alongside the late Walter Eckersall.

Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg, fondly dubbed by Chicago students as "the grand old man," likes to tell Charlie Kennedy's story when he is talking to young fellows about courage and persistence.

Speaking to a large group of high-school students down in Bloomington, Illinois, last March, Mr.



Riveting corner protectors on a steel tool box manufactured especially for machine-shop use.

Stagg told about some of the players he had coached.

"They have a lot of steam for a while, but they don't keep it up; they 'peter out,'" the coach said. "It is tremendously important that all of you develop persistent courage."

Then Mr. Stagg brought in the Kennedy story.

"A few years ago I was over at Van Wert, Ohio," he told them. "One of my old players, Charles F. Kennedy, is at the head of a big factory over there

which manufactures steel kits. They have built up a fine business. He took me around the plant with a great deal of pride. It was very interesting. Perhaps I did not understand it all, but I understood his pride in building up that business.

"When we had completed the tour, we went back to the office and sat down and chatted. Charlie said to me, 'Mr. Stagg, we came very near losing this business a few years ago. I thought it was going to slip out of our hands. We were in a financial hole and were up against it. We had to get some money. I had to raise it or quit, but I didn't know where to go. I tried and tried, but without success, and I was getting discouraged.

"'One night I was sitting here late in my office thinking where I might raise the money to carry on, and feeling worried and discouraged.

"'As I was thinking, the memory of the Wisconsin game of 1903 came to my mind and I saw myself out on that Wisconsin field playing with the Chicago team.

"'You know, Mr. Stagg, you played me at smashing half that day.' (You boys don't know what smashing half is because we don't have it now. He was the man who played between end and tackle and his business was to go headlong into interference and smash it, forcing the runner out into the open so the end or tackle could pick him off.) 'Well, Wisconsin had some great big backs

playing that day. They came in heavy mass on an off-tackle attack, and it was my job to go into that attack just as hard as I could and smash it.

"'After a time I got terribly tired and was getting badly bruised and battered. Finally I became so exhausted and lame that I could hardly crawl back into my position.

"'Along in the middle of the second half I thought I could not stand the pain and effort any longer and



the thought came to me to ask Mr. Stagg to take me out. But immediately came another thought that that would never do. I crawled back into position and went into the interference again. Again and again, weakened and bruised as I was, I drove myself into that solid mass and each time I would crawl back again into position.

"'Finally the game ended and Chicago had won out, 15 to 6.

"'Memory of that desperate battle and persistent fighting when I was all in, and then the glorious victory, stirred my emotions and fired me with determination to win out in this period of financial distress.

WENT out the next day, the day after that, and for the next few weeks before I could find someone who would lend me the money to carry on, but eventually I got it. Mr. Stagg, here is our business."

It was in 1915 when Mr. Kennedy was having the struggle to keep going. At that time his concern could certainly be described as an infant industry. Today, 15 years later, it is the largest concern in the United States devoting its entire plant to the production of toolboxes and tackle-boxes.

The business was developed from an idea of an older brother, Howard. Howard liked tools and machinery better than classrooms.

He left Chicago, secured a job with a railroad, and in 1911 was a locomotive engineer for the Pennsylvania and lived in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

After leaving school, Charles, the younger brother, was making fast strides with an advertising agency. He was in Fort Wayne one day on business and went out to visit his brother.

"I didn't know just exactly where Howard lived and got off the car a block or so from his house," Charles Kennedy recalls. "Walking in the general direction of his place I heard a pounding noise and followed it. Suddenly I came across Howard, standing in the backyard over a bench under an apple tree. "He was making a box the size of a large suitcase and about the same shape, out of light sheet steel. It was a kit for carrying his clothes, he said, and he had made several others. It had been his experience that leather or paper cases didn't last long when tossed around on locomotives and in machine-shops.



A corner of the paint room—the lacquer dries almost as soon as it touches the surface.

"Howard told me he first made a steel case for himself, a friend saw it and bought it from him, and soon other railroad men wanted them. So Howard had been devoting some of his spare time to pounding them out.

"I was astonished at the light weight of the boxes and thought I saw a possibility of manufacturing them on a much larger scale. Howard was interested. I went back to Chicago and some of my friends helped me financially. We opened a small shop in an old chicken-house back of Howard's home. Later we promoted ourselves to the upstairs of a barn.

"In 1915 we decided upon [Continued on page 52]



HICAGO'S FRONT YARD: Less than 100 years ago a trading post on the Indian frontier—today the third city in the world. Such is the record of Chicago, youthful giant metropolis of the Mid-West.

The picture shows Grant Park, Chicago's "Front Yard," with a portion of the far-famed Michigan Boulevard and the buildings that adorn the central business district.

Grant Park is all "made land." Stry years the edge of Michigan Boulevard. To only st be in this "Front Yard" is the Art Institute, we to the city's beauty.

Offspring of industry and agricult te, Chica a saving sense of beauty. Buckingha Founta



Photo: Chicago Aerial Survey Company

d." Siny years ago Lake Michigan bathed and. To only structure that is or ever will Art In tute, which has contributed much

ngricult e, Chicago was early blessed with kingha Fountain and the broad esplanade

adorned by the realistic Indian figures by Meštrović are but the beginning of vast improvements costing millions, to beautify this "Front Yard."

When electrification is completed, the railroad tracks passing through Grant Park will be spanned by a concrete roof forming a bed for grass and flowers. This, and much else, is being done for the people of Chicago—"theirs and their heirs forever, common pleasures."

"Do not try to think of too many things at once, if you want to play good golf"—is the advice of Bobby Jones, Captain of the American team, successful defenders of the Walker Cup.



"Long ago I learned that no putt is short enough to be despised."

Photo: Underwood & Underwood

Everything Counts-In Golf!

By Robert T. Jones, Jr.

U. S. National Open Champion

NE eminent professional instructor once told me that he found that most of the men who came to him for instruction when playing a golf shot concerned themselves with every detail except hitting the ball. His first job, he says, was to redirect their attention to what they had started out to do—to fix their concentration only upon hitting the ball in an effort to develop a sense of timing. Once they had acquired the habit of hitting he was able to begin to work out for each a sound and reliable swing.

There appears to me to be a great deal of good

common horse sense in this method of attack. It is possible, of course, to build up a swing part by part, as an automobile is assembled, and indeed, with a rank beginner, some start must be made in this way before the pupil has anything to work upon. He must certainly be given some idea of how he is to swing the club before he can begin to cultivate what my friend has called the "habit of hitting." But a good many of us entirely submerge the thought of the ball in a flood of "do's" and "don'ts" which engulf our minds when we take the club in hand.

I think this is one reason that the tide of golf swings up and down with such startling suddenness. The game itself is one where form is fleeting and the very best go stumbling blindly when a moment before everything was rosy.

My friend is certainly right in saying that the thing of first importance is hitting the ball, and that the habit of hitting it must be cultivated to an extent which makes the act subconscious. When one has reached this stage, it becomes a question of how much more can be thought of without disturbing this habit.

FIND this phase of the game to be a very real difficulty, entirely beyond any matter of mere theorizing; and I think that a large percentage of shots missed by a good player are missed because he cannot each time remember all that he knows about his stroke. I am certain that I have now a far more accurate idea of a correct stroke than I have ever had before. Whenever I play a bad shot, I am conscious

the instant I hit the ball that I have done something wrong and almost always I know what it was. But I find it impossible to think about everything everytime I swing a club.

I do not mean that I am in the habit of thinking through the stroke from start to finish as I make it. But over a certain period there are always two or three things that I must consciously look after in order to hit a satisfactory shot. These two or three things are not always the same but they seldom increase in number. If there are more than two or three I play very bad golf.

Just now, for instance, to hit a good iron shot, I must watch three things: first, that I do not address the ball too far forward; second, that my wrists are not rigid at the top of the swing; and third, that my left-hand grip and my left arm do not collapse as I hit the ball. Concentrating upon these I usually hit a good shot. But to think of all is quite a job and when I forget either the shot is spoiled.

Thus is the importance shown of keeping the mind upon the game, and upon the game only. If a man would play golf well there is assuredly no room in his thoughts for anything outside the game he is playing.

I recently made the statement that many fine golfers failed to win competition because they habit-ually spoiled fine scores by permitting occasional lapses of concentration. Then, I suppose, just to prove what amount of damage could be done in this way, I went down to Augusta and myself was at least twice guilty of what I had warned others to avoid.

Competitive golf, especially stroke play, demands that the player be continually on the lookout against himself. I do not mean that he is expected to avoid all errors for that would not be human. A number of shots must be mis-hit no matter how capable the player or how attentive to the game he may be. But unbroken concentration never once distracted from the playing of the shots will certainly save the

loss of many additional strokes. The best competitive golfers are I think, the distrustful and timorous kind, who are always expecting something terrible to happen-pessimistic fellows who are always quite certain when they come upon the green that the ball farthest from the hole is theirs. This kind of player never takes anything for granted and he cannot be lulled into complacency by a successful run over a few holes. The most dangerous spot where the cords of concentration are most apt to snap comes while everything is going smoothly. When the hold upon concentration is a bit weak anyway, there is nothing in the world like prosperity to sever the connection.

Over the Hill Course of the Augusta Country Club in the second round of the tournament I got off to a [Cont'd on page 57]



"Bobby" Jones, captain of the American Walker Cup team, sailing to England to defend the cup against the British team.

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Editorial Comment

Rotary Comes Home

E WAS such a little fellow when he packed his grip and put on his hat and set forth. He was humbly born and with no least idea, in that day, of the great journey ahead. Rotary had made his small start in Chicago and had achieved some reputation in the near-by communities. But he was yet a mere tiny child when he launched forth and no one could guess that a giant was latent in him.

The subsequent career of this youth, is one of the romances of the new century. No old century, we suppose could possibly have produced such a phenomenon. There is no way to explain the rise of Rotary save as a movement born out of a characteristic need of its time and serving that need so well that it grew as only the very beanstalk of Jack himself ever grew. From nothing to its great present, Rotary has grown by its own inherent vitality. Pressed forward by no private interest, but moving under the momentum of a spontaneous support, Rotary can be explained only as a new answer to a new need. Its sails caught the winds of its times.

Life, at the opening of the new century, was turning a corner. Business was swinging over from the small scale, laissez-faire basis of the Nineteenth century to the corporate, more coöperative basis of the Twentieth. A famous historian said the other day that the minds of men have changed more in the last 40 years than they had changed in the previous 1600 years. The ice of an old winter was breaking up. In times of uncertainty and change, men seek the support of each other's presence. Men had been playing a lone-wolf part. Now they looked around for company. This was what Paul Harris was doing when

he started young Rotary on its world-conquering career.

So out into the world, a short 25 years ago, the youngster went. There's no need to describe his course. That is common knowledge. Now and then in the life of the world a youngster has gone forth and leaped from star to star so fast the folks left behind him could hardly follow him with their eyes. It was that way with Alexander the Great and Napoleon and even so was it with young Rotary. He swept over his home land. He crossed the Atlantic; to Europe and right on across Asia and the southern seas he went. Now he rounds the horizon, the globe circumnavigated, the world his bailiwick, and heads, in celebration of his first quarter century spanned, back to the place of his birth. Chicago, a-quiver with excitement, awaits him.

He has grown so! Will his own mother know him?

A Picture of Retail Business

OR the first time in the history of the world, a nation is now engaged in making a detailed enumeration of its retail stores and tabulating a large amount of valuable data about their operations and expenses, with the result that before many months have passed the United States will have definite statistics on this most important phase of distribution.

The National Census of Distribution is collecting information from merchants which, when summarized, will be of value to each individual retailer, to retailers as a business group, to the whole business community and even to every man, woman, and child in the nation through the increased efficiency expected to follow the changes in distributive meth-

ods which the Census figures will indicate as advisable and economical. All stores, regardless of size, will be visited and their sales, expenses, inventories, employees, and wages reported—without, of course, making public in any way the name of the store referred to or identifying it in any recognizable manner.

Each report will show whether the store is operated by an individual, a partnership, a corporation or a cooperative association; whether it is an independent or a chain store and, if a unit of a chain, how many units there are in the entire chain; whether the store is of the service type, and if it makes deliveries. Particular emphasis is being laid upon the question of sales, the total sales volume in dollars for the last fiscal year being asked of each merchant.

When the reports containing the summaries of replies to census questions from approximately 1,500,-000 stores are in the hands of merchants, each will then have a far clearer idea of the business in which he is engaged than was ever available before. He will know the amount of business done by small stores, large stores, and stores of intermediate degrees of size. He will know the amount and proportion of sales made by chain stores, department stores, mail-order houses, and each type and size of independent store. Knowing this for his community, as well as for the remainder of the country, the retail executive can compare the operations of his own store with those of others of the same or different types. He can tell whether his wages are higher in proportion to sales than is the case in the average store. He can balance his costs of credit and deliveries, find out whether his inventory is high or low and if he is selling a broader or narrower range of goods than typical stores in his class.

In short, he will have summarized charts of retail business before him with which he can compare his own operations—a composite and detailed picture of retailing that has never been available in the past.

The Problem of Age

E ARE digging our way out of the problem of old age for men. The women have already done that with cosmetics and Paris styles. Man was a little slower, being the more credulous anyway.

When he was told repeatedly that this was an age of youth he began to think so and as he noted gray hair and the spread of baldness prepared a place for retirement. But something has happened of late.

The man of fifty-five and sixty no longer thinks he is the old book, once one of the best sellers, and now laid away in the corner of the library. There has always been an age of youth. There will always be an age of the older men. It is inescapable.

The older men have made the age of youth possible. They have marked the way. They have laid the route. Rotary clubs have been leaders in this pleasant labor. The tragedy of the age is the word "No" when employment is sought by the older men and women. The cruelest of all is to adopt a hard and fast age limit in employment. The mechanization of industry and the inexorable law of survival of the fittest has done much to establish the youth age.

It would seem now that there is a new understanding that stable age must be considered as well as the fervent youth. Age must do things; be keenly alive to the marching parade of events, clear-headed, and just. Given these jewels then age must serve well.

Age is not a liability until it is senile or physically bankrupt. That might come at 40 as well as at 75 or more. Impulse, the sudden attack, the mad dash, the elan of a charge of youth on some problem might sweep it away to the glory of the attackers and the applause of the populace but if there is defeat the lesson is bitter and more often so final that the prodigy is forgotten, and either seeks or is condemned to oblivion. It is the caution and deliberation that comes with years that slowly perhaps but most surely reaches the goal-post.

There is always a place for the man of advancing years. If he grows rich and is physically lazy he may retire. Nothing so pitiable is there as a man of activity after retirement. He is excess baggage. He wearies with his own effort to keep Time from executing him as a slacking criminal. He has but one competitor and that is the youthful parasite, those do-nothings of the younger generation who subsist on the enterprise of others—who are consumers, but, by no meaning of the word can they be called producers.

There will be no "Age of Youth" any more than there ever will be an "Age of Age." It takes both to make the whole social fabric.



Strengthening bonds of friendship, Rotarians of Italy present an Italian flag adorned with the emblem of Rotary to the Budapest (Hungary) club. Seated first from the left is Rowland Hegedüs, past president of the Budapest club; president Dusán Tabakovits of Budapest is holding the flag.

Rotary Around the World

New Zealand

Byrd Carried Rotary Flag

Wellington—Rotary flags—emblems of international friendliness—have literally been carried to the ends of the earth by Rear Admiral Richard Byrd. New Zealand Rotarians are proud that the one he took on his record-setting flight over the south pole was presented by the Wellington club.

Argentina

". . . Buenos Dias, Tennessee"

Buenos Aires—A telephone rings . . . Dr. Alfredo Colmo, governor of the Sixty-third District, eagerly puts the receiver to his ear, hears cordial John E. Carlson, past international director, express on behalf of the district conference at Bristol, Tennessee, greetings to South American Rotarians. The record-setting 5,300 mile hook-up was arranged by W. N. McAnge, Jr., general chairman of the conference.

Switzerland

Watches to Visitors

LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS — Fine Swiss watches were presented to the standing committee of European news telegraph agencies, guests of Rotary, here to learn of La Chaux-de-Fonds' most typical in-

dustry. Knowing well the value of carefully clocked seconds and minutes in making "deadlines," newsmen were delighted.

Belgium

More Belgo-Italian Amity

Brussels—A repercussion, as political writers might have it, of the recent royal romance was the presentation by a delegation of Florence Rotarians to the local club of a fine Italian flag.

Colombía

Routing Diphtheria

BARRANQUILA — The diphtheria-eradication campaign continues. Rotarianpaid physicians are administering antitoxin to many of the city's poor. Newspapers are coöperating with liberal publicity.

Egypt

Cosmopolites

ALEXANDRIA—This port, known to Phoenician, Greek, and Roman, lives up to its ancient reputation as the turnstile of the Mediterranean. Charter members of the new Rotary club are four Englishmen, three Italians, one Hungarian, two Greeks, two French, three Egyptians, one German.

Peru

Carrying on for Bolivar

Moourgua—To famed La Libertad College, founded in 1825 by patriot Simon Bolivar, will annually hereafter go a promising student, benefactor of a scholarship provided by local Rotarians.

Mexico

Felicitates Mexicans

Pachuca—Late was the hour and significant the occasion when Mexican Rotarians gathered in their clubs for a midnight radio fiesta. Forty-two clubs met simultaneously, heard a friendly program in Spanish broadcast by Hollywood (U. S. A.) Rotarians. Harvey B. Lyon, governor of the Second District; the mayor of Los Angeles talked, Mexican and Spanish cinemactresses entertained. Forty Mexican stations were in the hookup, enabled one nation to felicitate another.

Australia

Making "Pacific" Mean Peace

With "Peace on the Pacific" as their dynamic keynote, more than 700 Rotarians from Japan, China, India, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States linked forces in the third Pacific Rotary Conference at Sydney, New South Wales, March 18–20, to thwart wars by aggressive support of the Rotary principle of international goodwill.

Closer business relations and a recognition of the economic interdependence of nations in the Pacific area were stressed by leading speakers as modern methods of promoting peace on earth. More facile communication and speedier transportation were cited as prime factors in the advance of twentieth century civilization.

Chairman A. C. C. Holtz, of Melbourne, governor of the Sixty-fifth District, reviewed the rapid rise of the Pacific Conference as an important clearing house for ideas affecting the welfare of nations bordering the Pacific.

Among the outstanding speakers were: Chief Commissioner Garlick, of Sydney; the Rev. A. P. Campbell, of Sydney; Mr. Okazaki, of the Japanese delegation; Mr. I. Stoddard and Dr. Otto Monson, of the United States; Mr. Ross McDonald, of Perth, New South Wales; the Right Rev. G. H. Cranswick, of Sale, New South Wales; Mr. F. Tipper, of Tientsin, China; and Mr. Justice Harvey.

Brazil

Sow Crop of Books

RIO DE JANEIRO—Brazil is battling illiteracy, and Rotarians are helping with books. The local club has established libraries in four prominent schools, has donated many a scientific book to Paulo de Frontin, professional school.

Rotarians Go to School

Santos — Santos Rotarians believe adults should follow-through with their interest in schools, and have organized "Friends of the Schools." Members frequently visit classrooms, award prizes to outstanding pupils.

China

Preserving Peking

PEKING—Historic and beautiful old Peking buildings are a-crumble, but young engineers are drawing plans so they may sometime be rebuilt. The youthful technicians are from the North China Engineering School, to which Peking Rotarians contribute generously.

Italy

Copy Rare Manuscript

Bergamo—In the Donizetti Museum of Bergamo is a complete photostatic copy of a rare Donizetti musical manuscript, a gift of Bergamo Rotarians. Had the Conservatory of Paris wished to sell the original, the club would have pur-

chased it for the museum. Bergamo Rotarians delight in encouraging art movements, sponsoring exhibits and contests.

Sweden

Genoans Present Colors

STOCKHOLM—Stockholm Rotarians, at a brilliant reception, accepted an Italian flag from the club at Genoa . . . recognizing the cordial feeling of the two nations. Genoans were genially assured their visit would soon be repaid.

Jugoslavía

Another Rotary Scholarship

Novi Sad—Rotarian Balubzic, director of the Gymnasium, has the welcome task of naming recipients of a scholarship established by the local club.

Ireland

Beach for Young Belfasters

Belfast—Poor children of Belfast may frolic for a week at Holiday Home, the

told fellow-Rotarians of his researches and excavations, he was believed. Doubts prevailed, however, when he vouchsafed in reply to a query, that from ancient elk bones could be concocted palatable potage.

"There was a . . ."

LIMERICK—Hibernian wit still flowers at Limerick, home of limericks. Erinbound Rotarians have been invited to visit the city, to sample Limerick Rotary hospitality.

England

Right Girl, Right Place, but . . .

FOLKESTONE—Though, as he facetiously remarked he had wed a Kentish maiden, Sir Charles A. Mander, president, R.I.B.I., wasn't permitted to sing in the all-Kent musical competition, organized by Folkestone Rotarians. But he relished the festival, thought it "original and valuable work" hoped the community

Rotarians of Havana, Cuba, welcomed as a distinguished visitor the president-elect of the Republic of Colombia, Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera. Dr. Herrera stands third from the left, and President Luis Machado of the Rotary Club of Havana is standing to the right of the center microphone.



summer house of the modern orphanage created by Rotarian Hugh Turtle through the purchase and revamping of Templepatrick House—a \$20,000 beneficence. The local club having furnished a dormitory, has the privilege each week during the summer of sending a boy or girl to this seaside playground.

Stone Age Mulligatawny

DUBLIN-When Dr. H. Stokes, wit and authority on the extinct Irish elk,

would take it over releasing Rotarian energy for other projects.

Keeping Fires Burning

Gravesend — The international exchange scheme is no out-worn idea among Gravesend Rotarians. Warm contacts are kept up with India, Poland, and Jonesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

-And Maybe Better

KETTERING—So many congratulations came to the new Kettering club, the pres-

ident, the Rev. W. J. Bush, exclaimed ". . . almost like a wedding!"

Step No. 1 to Understanding

Weston-Super-Mare—Queried local Rotarians in a letter to the Weston, West Virginia, U. S. A., Club: "What, in all sincerity, is the reason for any irritation you may feel or may discern in your city against Great Britain, its policy or attitude?" There is an old adage that says "A problem understood is half solved," and Weston-Super-Mare's frank question is a move in the right direction.

Encourages Young Poets

WHITEHAVEN—Twelve-year-old Winifred Woodgate, too young for laureate honors, did win first prize in the original poem contest of the Rotarian-sponsored Exhibition of Boys' and Girls' Work. Hers was an R. L. Stevenson-esque contribution beginning:

I think it's hard on little boys
To go to church and leave their toys,
To have to leave their games and books
And sit in pews with solemn looks.

Yo Ho! Men o' Somerset

YEOVIL—Somerset clubs want to hear from Men o' Somerset, now scattered over the globe. They are asked to address letters to secretaries of home clubs,—Yeovil, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare.

France

Sun-Tans for Youngsters

BORDEAUX—Twenty pallid children of poor families will have the luxury of a country sun-tan this summer, thanks to a six-thousand franc fund voted by local Rotarians. Ten thousand more francs have been used to set up a vacation camp for convalescent youngsters on the Gironde river.

Canada

The Ant and the Grasshopper

EDMONTON, ALBERTA—While most Edmonton boys were still playing marbles, some of the city's boys-grown-tall calling themselves Rotarians looked ahead to this summer. They raised money to build three new camp bungalows, remodel the main building, install a refrigerator.

Rotary in Action

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA—Half-a-globe from his New Zealand home, young Jack Allum tossed on the bed of a Halifax hospital. He had been taken from a steamer, ill . . . Came to local Rotarians a cable from the Auckland club, and, thereafter, to Jack many a welcome, jolly caller. When his parents arrived at Vancouver, Rotarians greeted them, and at Winnipeg, and at Montreal. Friendly homes in Halifax were opened to them until when, with Jack, they could return to the antipodes.

Paper Profits

LINDSAY, ONT.—Lindsay citizens are saving waste paper for the twice-a-year call of Rotarian-hired trucks. Each time the bales are shipped to Toronto, the child welfare fund is swelled \$300.

Farmers Return Compliments

Oshawa, Ont.—One hundred and fifty farmers and wives, appreciative of favors, played host to an equal number of Rotarians, Kiwanians, Chamber of Commerce members, and their wives, at a re-

cent dinner. Sixty maidens in costume waited tables.

Calls and Recalls

Vancouver, B. C.—Vancouver and Bellingham, Washington, Rotarians enjoy annual neighborly tête-a-têtes across the international backyard fence. Bellingham Rotarians recently had charge of the Vancouver program. The call was repaid when Rotarians from Vancouver and Westminster, one hundred and twenty-five strong, each wearing a tulip boutonniere in compliment to the "Tulip City of the United States," merrily descended upon the Bellinghamers.

Manhood's Commonground

Banff, Alta.—To this city in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, came soldier and priest to talk to Banff Rotarians. Said the Primate Archbishop of New Zealand, Bishop of Auckland, Most Reverend A. W. Averhill, "Rotary enables a man to meet man on the common ground of manhood, strikes a deathblow at small-mindedness." Then spoke the soldier, Colonel David Carnegie, one time Canadian ordinance advisor, now British executive in the League of Nations Union, "Rotary stands for peace, but not peace at any price."

United States

Unkinking Young Bodies

ALPENA, MICH.—For two reasons, Alpena-folk flock to Rotary's annual minstrel-vaudeville shows: first, the fun is clean, hilarious; second, proceeds are used to take kinks out of children's twisted bodies. The club has sponsored five clinics, examining 334 youngsters. Fifty have been cured, 157 are yet being [Continued on page 64]

With His Excellency, the Governor of Punjab as an honored guest, and with visitors from nine countries, the Rotary club of Lahore, India, celebrated the combined birthdays of the club and of Rotary, which reached Lahore just twenty-two years and a day after its founding.





Trailing Along Through Asia

By Lillian Dow Davidson

HE holiday season in Cairo is perhaps a trifle more festive than elsewhere due to many visitors from the outside, and my husband found Rotary had to be sidetracked for the time. Men were too busy with annual reports plus social engagements to bother with other affairs. This left us free to make a deal with Santa Claus for a few never-to-be-forgotten trips out of Cairo and also to journey to Upper Egypt. The pyramids and the Sphinx are only seven or eight miles from Cairo and many other well worth-while jaunts carry you but a few hours distant. But of all our excursions, a moonlight night

spent on the desert, due perhaps to its novelty, proved first in interest.

Arriving in the dusk of evening at the foot of the desert plateau on the edge of which the great Pyramids stand, we discarded our speedy but prosaic motor-cars for the more picturesque but also more temperamental "Ships of the Desert," those strange prehistoric-looking beasts, now all folded up on the ground ready to receive us but resembling scows far more than ships.

As the camel rises in sections, you hasten to follow instructions; and, with beating heart, you cling desperately to the fore and aft pummel of the tasselbedecked saddle, at the same time leaning far backward while your grunting, protesting mount rises to

his hind knees, then throw yourself forward as he kneels on his front knees, back again as he stands on his hind feet, and forward for the last time as he finishes the laborious operation by getting up on his front feet. Our caravan wound its way up the hill to the plateau above, skirted the base of the mighty Pyramid of Kheops, now an awesome black mass against a fading afterglow, then shambled across the trackless desert of sand into the night to the luxurious camp three miles away which we reached in about an hour.

HE brilliantly lighted spot like a great beacon displayed eighteen or twenty tents arranged in a horseshoe with the long diningtent stretched across the foot. How that delicious meal was served, so piping hot, to sixty people, way out here in this desert waste, will ever remain an unsolved puzzle to me. The tents were cosy and enlivened by a brilliant interior lining made up of small appliqued bits of red, blue, white, black, and vellow cloth, beautifully stitched together by hand in fanciful geometrical designs, the so-called "Tent Work" of the Arabs. Some are truly gorgeous creations. With us a tent is a tent, but after seeing the Arabian varieties, I now understand how an Arab chief can have evidence of wealth and culture about him even in his desert camp.

After the meal, we were entertained around a great bonfire, its red flames rising high for the dry

stalks of maize burn well. There was a proud-necked dancing Arabian horse; camel boys as black as midnight dancing, jumping through the flames and stepping on the red hot embers with bare leathery feet. After an exhibition of jugglery, it was bedtime and how we blessed the thoughtful person who warmed the beds with bottles of hot water, for at sunset the desert sand loses its daytime heat and in



Photo: Publishers' Photo Service
Visualizing the ascendency of the new spirit of Egypt over the
old, this new statue in Cairo represents Egypt's awakening.

winter in Northern Egypt it is decidedly cool, reaching sometimes down to the freezing point.

Early next morning, hearing a camel plodding by with protesting wicked grunts, I peeped out just in time to see both camel and camel-boy on a rising bit of ground, sharply silhouetted against the rising sun, one of those fascinating pictures that thrill one and sell many tourist tickets to Egypt.

As Assuit, Luxor, and Assuan, all possible Rotary points, lie up the Nile, our first long journey took us southward beside the great river for 583 miles and into the heart of "Upper Egypt." The ideal way to make the journey is by the luxurious tourist steamers, but alas, the all-water route from Cairo to Assuan consumes twenty days against the same number of hours by rail and so was out of the question for us busy people. Fortunately, the government-owned Egyptian railway parallels the river the entire distance. The all-white, double-roofed train closely resembled a millionaire's yacht in its spick-and-spanness as we boarded it, but after a few miles this simile was obliterated from our minds and something far

less complimentary took its place for the yellow sand blew in upon us, covering our clothes, our baggage, and the floor with a thick, gritty coating.

During the journey the train generally ran between a large canal and the Nile, the second longest river in the world, but we could catch only fleeting glimpses of this great "Mother of Egypt" as the Arabs call it and as such it is regarded by fourteen millions of people. No

other river in the whole world, I believe, so literally forms the very life blood of the country through which it passes. And, if we can believe the thought-provoking words of Colonel Sir Henry Lyons, F.R.S., the Nile has also played an important part in our own scheme of life:

"This remarkable river has exercised a

unique influence on the history of civilization. The necessity of controlling its course and utilizing its water taught the ancient Egyptians the art of river engineering and the kindred science of landsurveying, while in the starry heavens they beheld the eternal calendar which regulated the approach and the departure of the inundation, so that the river may perhaps have given the first impulse to the study of astronomy. As the annual overflow of the water obliterated

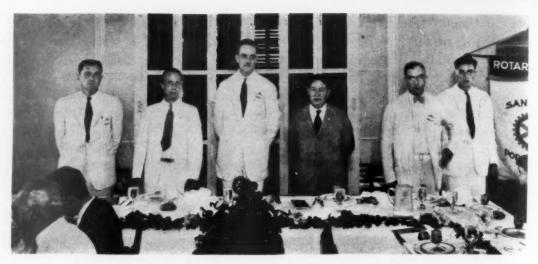
all landmarks, it was necessary annually to measure the land anew, and to keep a register of the area belonging to each proprietor; and above all it became an important duty of the rulers of the people to impress them with a strong sense of the sacredness of property. Every succeeding year, however, there arose new disputes, and these showed the necessity of establishing settled laws and enforcing judicial decisions. The Nile thus led to the foundation of the social, legal, and political order."

OTWITHSTANDING much reading, I was quite unprepared for the truly Lilliputian dimensions of the real Egypt. The geographical division shown on the maps as Egypt is extensive but, think of it-only four per cent cultivable, after all deductions have been made. From the train window, one quickly grasps its simple, sharply defined geographical features. The cockney's description of a section of farm-land flashed into my mind and I believe it fits Egypt to a T. "Some of it is arable, but the rest of it is 'orrible." The arable part of Egypt, if seen in

its entirety from above would look like a gigantic fan-shaped flower, the Delta forming the blossom and the Nile and [Cont'd on page 61]



Durante la Semana del Niño, en Puerto Rico, el Rotary Club de San Juan celebró una muy lucida sesión, con una asistencia de más de 80 niños. La mesa presidencial de izquierda a derecha: los Sres. Herb Brown, del Comité de Compañerismo, Teodoro Roosevelt, Gobernador de Puerto Rico, Fred Krug, Presidente del Club, Emilio del Toro, de la Suprema Corte y Arturo Harvey, Secretario.



Hablando el Lenguaje de la Buena Voluntad

Por el Rotario Lic. Blas. E. Rodríguez

Del Rotary Club de Tampico, México

A determinación del Señor Presidente Hoover, relativo a que, los representantes de los Estados Unidos en los países ibero-americanos, deben conocer y hablar el idioma castellano es muy digna de alabanza. Es de tal manera interesante ese tópico, que estoy seguro de que será ámpliamente tratado y comentado por los rotarios, ya que el paso dado por Mr. Hoover es, en su trascendente sencillez de aquellos que contribuirán más eficazmente a la realización de la buena voluntad y entendimiento entre las Naciones de este Continente.

Nada parece tan natural y necesario como hablar el idioma de aquél con quien queremos tratar algo, y aplicando este criterio a las relaciones internacionales debe decirse que, si sólo se nombra representante de un País ante otro, cuando hay interés en establecer o desarrollar relaciones con éste, ya sean de amistad o de negocios, o de unas y otras, es natural que se procure poner los medios más adecuados para que esas relaciones den el fruto que se desea. Y el medio único para crearlas y desarrollarlas con precisión, es el idioma.

Si las ideas, las aptitudes, las tendencias, el carácter, las pasiones, la psicología

en general de un pueblo y áun sus intereses materiales, sólo pueden comprenderse por medio del conocimiento del idioma de ese pueblo, y sin ese conocimiento no puede haber verdadero entendimiento, simpatía y amistad, parece absurdo y áun imposible, que los Países no hayan obrado siempre de acuerdo con esta evidencia.

Y sin embargo, en todos los tiempos la incomprensión, la falta de tino, la ley del menor esfuerzo, la soberbia de los gobernantes y hasta el orgullo de los Países, han hecho que a menudo se contraríe esa lógica orientación de las cosas mismas.

Si un representante de México en los Estados no hablara el idioma inglés, estoy seguro de que el hecho le restaría simpatías, no sólo entre el elemento oficial americano, sino entre la sociedad en la que, por razón de su cargo, tendría que vivir y desarrollar sus actividades. Tendría siempre que servirse de intérpretes, y éstos presentarían sus ideas en la forma que quisieran o pudieran darles; no se realizaría el contacto directo del espíritu, por medio del idioma, y el sentir claro y preciso se dificultaría por el mecanismo de la interpretación.

Y si esos inconvenientes tendría el representante mexicano que no hablara el idioma inglés, los que tuviera un representante americano en México, que no hablara el castellano, serían los mismos, y quizá mayores. En cambio, si ese representante habla nuestro idioma, por ese solo hecho ya despierta simpatías, hacia su persona y hacia el País que representa; pues el hecho se estima como una muestra de consideración y de buena voluntad que sincéramente nos sentimos impulsados a corresponder.

Lo que digo de mi País creo que podría aplicarse a las demás naciones ibero-americanas, y generalizando el fenómeno, creo que cuando por medio del contacto directo que da el idioma, todos los hombres podamos entender las ideas de aquéllos conquienes estamos o queremos ponernos en relación, la aurora de la buena voluntad y de la paz entre las Naciones habrá empezado a iluminar al mundo, y por éso considero el acuerdo del Señor Presidente Hoover como un acto de trascendencia para la amistad y la justicia en este Continente, que honra tanto a él, como al gran Pueblo que gobierna. Y Rotary, por su parte, ha recibido una co-operación inestimable.

Lucida Conferencia

El dia 26 de Abril en la bella ciudad de Santa Clara, Cuba, y bajo la muy apta presidencia del Gobernador Don Luis Piña y Ruiz se inició la 10a Conferencia Anual de los Clubs Rotarios del Distrito 25 de Rotary International. Asistieron todos los Delegados de los veinte clubs del distrito, numerosas damas y numerosos invitados. Las sesiones fueron bien concurridas y todos los temas fueron muy habilmente presentados. La nota social de la Conferencia fué el magnífico baile ofrecido a los Rotarios por el Gobernador de la Provincia, Lic. Juan Antonio Vazquez Bello, Socio Honorario del Rotary Club de Santa Clara, en el elegante Palacio Provincial. Dos orquestas tocaron muy selectas piezas y la muy distinguida concurrencia fué obsequiada con un magnífico Buffet. Durante los tres días de la Conferencia reinó un ambiente de agradable confraternidad y de cordial espíritu social.

Simpatica Reunion

El 16 de marzo tuvo verificativo la reunión del Rotary Club de Monterey, México, con el de Saltillo, México, en el pintoresco Cañon de "La Huatesca." 28 Rotarios y Rotarianas del Club de Saltillo asistieron a la reunión. La comida resultó animadísima y el programa sumamente interesante. La salutación de los Rotarios del Rotary Club de Monterrey y la contestación de los de Saltillo se hizo en versos cantados por los rotarios de los clubs respectivos entre los aplausos de la muy selecta concurrencia. Los Rotarios de Saltillo y los de Monterrey tienen proyectado celebrar muy pronto otra reunión intercitadina en la ciudad de Linares.

Defensa de Edificios

El Rotary Club de Mollendo, Peru, ha procurado cimentar en los niños escolares, su educación haciendo que formaran una Institución denominada "Defensa de Edificios" con el objeto de evitar se garabateara o se arañara los fontispicios de los edificios de la ciudad. Además han estimulado la contracción de los niños en sus estudios, distribuyendo premios a los escolares que sobresalieron en el año 1929, por su asistencia al Colegio, conducta y aprovechamiento. Distribuyen 19 libretas de ahorros de Lp. 1. cada una y un premio de excelencia de una libreta de ahorros de Lp. 2.-Además el Rotary Club de Mollendo ha desplegado el mayor empeño porque se mejore el puerto; para

que ese vecindario, a la brevedad posible, tenga agua potable en abundancia y de buena calidad; y han logrado estimular a la Beneficiencia Pública de construir un Pabellón para los enfermos de tuberculosis.

Cría del Gusano de Seda

El Rotary Club de Celaya, México, esta trabajando para fomentar entre las familias humildes de la ciudad la cria del gusano de seda. Como principios de este proyecto el año pasado los Rotarios de Celaya criaron algunos centenares de gusanillos para adquirir los conocimientos que se proponen difundir y plantaron algunas moreras. Este año han recibido de la Cia. Fundidora de Fierro y Acero de Monterrey y por mediación del Rotario Lic. Hector Gonzalez de Aquella ciudad, 3000 moreras que ya empezaron a distribuir entre los proprietarios de pequeñas parcelas en Celaya con el mismo fín de fomentar la cria del gusano de seda.

Mision de Acercamiento

El Rotary Club de Valparaiso, Chile, envió una delegación de seis niños, hijos de Rotarios Chilenos, en misión de acercamiento a los niños Peruanos y de confraternidad entre los dos pueblos hermanos.

La delegación Chilena fué a cargo de Don Agustin Turner, prominente figura rotaria y Tesorero Honorario del Rotary Club de Valparaiso.

El 7 de febrero, el Rotary Club de Lima, Perú, celebró un almuerzo en el Hotel Bolivar que congregó más de 40 socios para agasajar a los niños hijos de rotarios de Valparaiso. Además de los niños Chilenos, también fueron invitados los seis niños Peruanos que forman la embajada infantil que ira a Chile en intercambio espiritual entre los hijos de rotarios.

Los muchachos Chilenos fueron hospedados en las casas de los Rotarios de Lima. A su regreso a Chile los seis niños Peruanos les acompanaron y fueron también hospedados en casas de los Rotarios de Valparaiso.

Los niños guardaran siempre en el fondo de sus corazones gratos recuerdos y una impresión inolvidable.

El Asílo Para Mendigos

A iniciativa del Rotary Club de Trujillo, Perú, se reorganizó la Junta de Progreso Local, con el objeto de construir un Asilo para Méndigos, cuya obra se ha iniciado, estando ya casi terminado dos pabellones.

El Asilo servirá para alojar a los mendigos cuya condición los haga asilables, evitando que saquen a la calle el espectáculo de su miseria y molesten a los transeuntes, dando además una nota desagradable que produce pésima impresión en los forasteros que los visiten.

El club acordó dirigir un llamamiento al público, pidiéndole su cooperación para lograr este nobilísimo objeto.

Obsequio de Mobiliario

Los miembros del Rotary Club de La Serena, Chile, visitaron la Escuela de Niñas, invitados por la Directora, con el fín de inaugurar un mobiliario obsequiado por el Rotary Club para el Kindergarten de la Escuela. Fueron recibidos con el himno del Rotary Club de Los Angeles, Chile, cantado por un coro de niñas. Despues de un bonito discurso de la Directora, el personal docente de la Escuela ofreció a los visitantes refrescos, sandwichs y dulces. El Rotary Club de La Serena además sostiene el "Vaso de Leche" que llena una sentida necesidad material de estos pequeñuelos.

Biblioteca de Playas

Los miembros del Rotary Club de Buenos Aires, Argentina, han proyectado instalar durante la estación veraniega en los Balnearios Argentinos, bibliotecas públicas, de carácter eminentemente infantil, completando la idea con una hora de lectura dedicada a contar y explicar cuentos amenos e interesantes a la niñez. Esta tarea estará a cargo de una comisión de damas y caballeros. Largo es el día en las playas y distribuirlo higiénicamente en una doble combinación, que hermane la salud física con la amenidad cultural, representa un programa excelente y bienhechor.

Establecimiento de una Escuela

El Rotary Club de Villarica, Paraguay, esta actualmente trabajando por el establecimiento de una Escuela Sub-Urbana con capacidad para cien niños. Este nuevo club invitó en Diciembre pasado a los Rotary Club de Posadas y Asunción a una reunión inter-clubs la cual obtuvó grandioso éxito. Muy interesantes discursos fueron pronunciados por los rotarios visitantes y tanto los rotarios como sus distinguidas familias pasaron un día muy contento, estrechands de esta manera la amistad rotaria.

Our Readers' Open Forum

Readers are invited to use this department for the frank discussion of questions of interest to Rotarians and the exchange of ideas on the activities of Rotarians in their clubs and in their home, business, and community life. Contributions should be as brief as possible.

"To Bribe or Not to Bribe"

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

I have read the article entitled "To Bribe or Not to Bribe." I congratulate you on publishing an article of this character.

I do not feel that the author exaggerated conditions and I hope that every local group of your association will read this article at their meetings.

It is my belief that conditions of graft in purchasing in industrial plants are not nearly as bad as they were five or ten years ago, but it must be admitted there is a great deal of graft being carried on. Of course, the manufacturers who sell to industrial plants could stop the practice in twenty-four hours if they possessed the nerve.

GEO. C. DENT,

Executive Secretary,

Society of Industrial Engineers

Chicago, Illinois.

Federal Trade Commission Upheld

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

The article, "To Bribe or Not to Bribe," is probably as satisfactory as any on this subject could be, and apparently many think these statements are representative of conditions in business.

Probably such transactions do enter our business relations, but it is human weakness, not the business structure that is responsible, and commercial bribery is the exception, not the rule. . . .

In my several years as a purchasing agent, no such element ever entered a transaction, and no one ever offered to inject any wrongful element into our dealings, unless I was too dense to recognize it. This is no exception, for my acquaintance with buyers is rather large, and many have told me their experience was the same.

If the situation is as serious as some writers think, why don't our many Trade Associations take some action? Almost every Trade Practice Conference condemns commercial bribery as unfair trade practice, and yet only a few years ago, a rather large company denied the right of

our Federal Trade Commission to compel them to cease and desist from using commercial bribery as a business practice. It might be well for you to review that case, because apparently the commercial organizations of the country took no particular interest in it.

After the case had been in court two or three years, with technical decisions rendered against the Federal Trade Commission, our Association, and the Paint and Varnish Manufacturers' Association, filed intervening petition supporting the Federal Trade Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission were upheld in their power to eliminate commercial bribery as an unfair business practice. This decision in the Federal Court at Cincinnati, only one year old, is, I believe, the first decision of its kind, and should be used to eliminate such practices.

In other words, I believe we would have a much more satisfactory situation if, instead of writing articles, the matter were presented to the Federal Trade Commission for prosecution, as it would not require many such prosecutions to entirely climinate the use of bribery. . . .

We would welcome the support of your publication and organization in this work, which we have fostered for a number of years. . . .

G. A. RENARD

New York, N. Y.

"Grossly Misrepresents"

RESOLUTION

Moved by: E. H. Lancaster Seconded by: D. F. Pepler

BE IT RESOLVED that the Rotary Club of St. Catharines strongly protests against the publishing by the management of THE ROTARIAN of the article by "Private Peat" under the title, "Why I Went to War," which appeared in the March issue of THE ROTARIAN.

The members of this club feel that while the article referred to may properly express the motive that actuated the enlistment of the writer that it grossly misrepresents the sentiments of the Canadian people, both at the commencement and throughout the War, and by his statement that he was an original member of the 3rd Battalion of the First Canadian

Division he purports to speak for the Canadian people as a whole and thereby does a gross injustice to all members of the Canadian Army and particularly to those who died.

AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a copy of this Resolution be sent to the office of The ROTARIAN with a request that it be published in the next issue.

J. M. McHardy Secretary, Rotary Club

St. Catharines, Ontario

"Why I Went to War"

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

The motives which caused a soldier to go to war in the World War should be included by Comrade Erwin R. Osler, of Estevan, Saskatchewan, Canada, in the "fruitless debate" over the cause and the victors in the war, as referred to in his letter published in THE ROTARIAN for May. Hindsight may prompt a veteran of the World War on either side of the cause to philosophise on his motives and decide that certain well-defined ideals inspired him to enlist. Far be it from another one of the "plain, foot-slogging infantry" to disparage the motives of Comrade Osler. He alone knows why he went to war. Never would I detract one iota of the credit due him, the honor he should have. But, like Private Peat, I wanted a "trip to Europe."

May this be set forth modestly to explain my motives. For ten years prior to American entrance into the war I was a journalist. In 1914 I was managing editor of a middle-sized city daily paper. I studied the war and its news dispatches as few persons in 100,000 in America studied them. Later I joined the staff of a great American press association. There was hardly anything about the war which hadn't come to my notice in the ordinary course of my occupation.

Soon after the American declaration of war I enlisted for training as an infantry officer. I was commissioned and sent to camp to train other young men who were chosen for army service by the selective service system. I did not see much of volunteer soldiers, but there is room for doubt that they were much better than selective-service soldiers, of equivalent periods of training. The vast majority of American soldiers were in the army under the selective-service system. Those who led them were volunteers. This is not stated as an invidious comparison, nor a reflection on the motives of any one.

The Bomb-Proof Service

Arriving at camp, trainloads of other young men quickly followed, to be made into soldiers. They came to camp because they were sent, in 999 cases out of 1,000. In the same proportion they came willingly, cheerfully, gladly. On December 15, 1917, the opportunity for enlistment was withdrawn, so there was a great rush or so we heard—to enlist. This rush was largely into the bomb-proof services. lefferson Barracks, at St. Louis, for instance, was swamped. A trainload of the overflow was sent to my camp for quartering until assignment to their several units and organizations. In general these volunteers were splendid looking young fellows. In general they had chosen the bomb-proof services, else they would have been put on a train at once for some "plain, foot-slogging infantry" organization. Their motives for enlisting were obvious, unmistakable.

The original rush to arms, into the combat units, was composed of young men whose motives were equally unmistakable. The numbers in both cases, however were small. Not five per cent of the American soldiers from the great city where I enlisted were volunteers. The rest were selective-service soldiers. Their patriotism and spirit and fighting ability can never be questioned. Their motives in going to war, no one knows. May I be permitted to doubt the existence of any flaming idealism in their breasts.

There was none in mine. I wanted "that trip to Europe." I was better informed on war events than 999 out of 1,000, to put it very mildly. I turned down a chance to go into the plane-less air service.

Except for my older brother who had been for some years in the National Guard, no relative of mine whom I ever saw had been a soldier. There was no military tradition in my family. I can see my motives on the day I rode the trolley out to Fort Sheridan as clearly now as on that eventful day. My mother rode part way with me. There was not then, and there is not now, any idealism in my mind toward my service in the World War. I perhaps talk about the war as much or as little as most veterans.

I have found no idealism, then or now, among my post-war comrades of other outfits. Certainly not among those who struggled through the Argonne, or stood firm at Chateau Thierry. Show me the World War veteran who admits today that he went to war—or thinks he went to war—to make the world safe for Democracy as our President Woodrow Wilson declared—and I will show you a veteran who has an ulterior motive. Show me the soldier who went to war because it was to be for him a great adventure and I will show you 99.44 per cent of the soldiers of the American

I Am My Country

It happens I was spared to return with life and health. Never have I kidded myself about lofty motives in going to war. Above all, never shall I kid my children about my lofty motives in going to war. One of my hobbies is Boy Scout work. It would seem to me criminal to present war as a thing of lofty motives to my Scouts. Neither do I tell of its senseless brutality. Why mention it at all? I don't. Certainly never to glorify any country or its cause or its share in the war. Never to glorify any individual for his part in the war. Never to villify any country or any individual for their part in the war. How could my country owe me something for my part in the World War? I am my country.

"Peace sought in the spirit of peace," without detracting from the honor due to those brave men who offered their lives to their countries, is my hindsight about the World War, and let us not be too solemn about it. Can any Rotarian find where that conflicts with the Sixth Object?

A VETERAN OF THE 85TH DIVISION, U. S. ARMY.

One Answer

Here is another answer to your recent editorial as to "What is Rotary?"

"ROTARY is an international, nonsecret, altruistic institution composed of business men bent upon converting the ideals of all worthy human effort into reality. Its work is tempered with the relaxation of fun and feast and cemented with close acquaintanceship as a means of effacing selfishness, effecting initiative and spontaneous coöperation in service to man, especially the promotion of international understanding and good-will."

Does it not define the fundamentals and would anything else be but illuminative?

You are to be commended for the new dress worn by The ROTARIAN, and no less for its "innerds."

N. F. WRIGHT.

Miami, Oklahoma

"New Formulas . . . as Fine"

To the Editor of THE ROTARIAN:

I have read with great interest, and some little surprise, the letter of Rotarian Theodore N. Lewis of Sioux City, Iowa, published on page 40 of your current issue. I think my fellow-Rotarian has misread, or misconceived, the purpose and effect of Commander Bodenhamer's article. I read the article in question, and at the time felt moved to write to the head of the American Legion commending his proposal; certainly it does not seem to me in any way contrary to Rotary's Sixth Object.

I agree with Commander Bodenhamer that a carefully studied law, prepared in time of peace, extending the principle of conscription of men to the conscription of all classes of society and of all of the material resources of the Nation to our country's cause in the event of war, is a vital necessity. The term "conscription" has now an unfortunate connotation, but after all it means only a "writing together," a voluntary consecration of all of our resources, whether of human life, human ability, or of capital assets, in defense of our country in time of war.

It seems to me that such a program should recommend itself, even to the judgment of those who are loosely described as pacifists. It operates in two ways to prevent war; on the one hand, it destroys any selfish hope of excess profit to be extracted from a Nation in a time of mortal danger; on the other hand it presents to the world a picture of a nation devoted to peace, making sacrifices to insure the preservation of peace, but equally ready to submit to supreme sacrifices in its own defense, if war shall be forced upon it.

Rotary's Sixth Object will be prejudiced, not furthered, if we do not recognize that peace through understanding does not necessarily involve peace through impotence. I have watched the growth and activities of the American Legion with great interest and admiration; the statement of their purpose is one of few formulas which seem to me as fine or finer, in spirit and expression, than our own expressed program of Objects. I regard the American Legion as a service club as truly as ourselves or our friends of Kiwanis; and I think that we should all welcome and support their programs with the same enthusiasm that we support our own.

E. WALLACE CHADWICK (Chairman Rotary Club International Relations Committee.)

Chester, Pennsylvania

Twenty Years Ago

[Continued from page 13]

expected to patronize each other and influence business to each other. Among the incidental proposals was an official membership card so that the holder when traveling might be recognized as a Rotarian.

Tuesday noon the entire convention met with the Chicago Rotary Club at what it called its "Ways and Means Committee luncheon." (The Chicago club at that time was holding its regular meetings bi-weekly in the evenings.) After the luncheon there was a tour of the park and boulevard systems of the city. In the evening there was an al fresco dinner at the famous Bismarck beer garden. The speaker of the evening was Rotarian Daniel L. Cady of New York, who among other things said that within eighty years the Rotary organization would encircle the earth and by that time the Rotary wheel would contain a thousand supporting spokes. He also

"Business and brotherhood will mix. Down with caveat emptor. The city needs righteousness as much as the country needs rain. You cannot be too helpful any more than you can be too healthy. Contemper your business with conscience. Mix a little heart with your many brains."

When the draft of the Constitution and By-Laws was reported, one delegate objected to the fixing of the per capita tax at the high amount of \$1.00. However, the overwhelming majority felt that the organization should have sufficient funds to conduct its affairs properly and voted to make the per capita tax \$1.00. (It is interesting to note that the total income for the first year was about \$1800.)

There was a lively debate on the question of charging a charter fee to new clubs. Some maintained that the cost of organizing new clubs should be covered in part at least by the payment of a charter or admission to membership fee by the newly organized club. Others argued that any such arrangement would put the organization of new clubs on a commercial basis and tend to develop an undesirable type of organizing. Although the charter-fee advocates were clearly in the majority, they yielded in the interests of harmony and good-will to the fears of the minority and it was de-

cided that there should be no charter fee.

One provision in the constitution, which later disappeared, was that there should be a general committee composed of one delegate from each club and this general committee should elect the officers and directors of the organization.

One Rotary club telegraphed the convention:

"The spirit of Rotary is to help each member by giving or influencing business to him. If we each give, then we must each receive."

One interesting resolution adopted by the Chicago convention was:

"That it is the sense of this convention that any subsequent convention or annual meetings are not to be bound by any precedent established at this the first annual meeting and it is understood that nothing that has transpired at this convention shall be construed as establishing a precedent."

At the closing session the president of the Chicago Rotary club on behalf of that club's baseball team challenged any other team for a game of baseball. Rotarian Skeel of Seattle quickly announced that he would accept that challenge "if I receive enough offers to make up a team" and asked the ball players to see him and arrange to do battle against the Chicagoans. There is no record as to whether or not the game took place.

Kansas City, Missouri, submitted an invitation for the 1911 convention to meet in Kansas City.

HERE was no contest for the presidency. Paul P. Harris was proposed by the nominating committee and unanimously elected. There was a contest for the first vice-presidency and Rotarian Denny of Seattle was elected over Rotarian Mettler of Kansas City. The second vice-president and treasurer and sergeant-at-arms were elected unanimously. Then the general committee consisting of one delegate from each club met and elected the nine directors, four of whom are still in the ranks of Rotary-Rossback of Chicago, Thresher of Minneapolis, Boyard of New Orleans, and Holman of San Francisco.

In his inaugural speech, President Harris said:

"Of course, the Rotary club idea means much to me. I have been living with this project since 1904. Sometimes I think I am over-optimistic. I find about me sane level-headed business men who are not disposed to take the same sanguine view that I am. When I first mentioned to the members of the Chicago Rotary Club that it was my belief that sooner or later the Rotary club thought would spread throughout the land, even the warmest of my friends expressed their doubt, and one of them said that he would go with me as far as it seemed practicable to go and that from then on I would have to excuse him.

"I would not really dare to tell you gentlemen right now what I think about the future of this organization. If I were to do so, I venture to say that there is not a man assembled here who would not say that I was a vagarist, but the thoughts and the plans which I have for Rotary transcend I believe anything that has yet been expressed by any member of any Rotary club. We have undoubtedly a great many severe problems to confront us and it is going to require a masterful spirit and a masterful energy for us to cope successfully with those problems.

"I realize that great bodies move slowly. I think that the primary purpose of this convention was to adopt the constitution and by-laws. That we have succeeded in doing. We have succeeded in coming together on this project because every man who served on that committee was animated by the one purpose-that of bringing about a conclusion that would meet with the approbation of the delegates present. There were men from New York, the Pacific Coast, and the extreme South, all with divergent views, but after we threshed things over, I am pleased to say that the transcendent spirit that animated the committee was a spirit of conciliation.

"We all had our very different ideas as to what ought to be done. Those views were vastly modified by the views of others there and modified even further, much further, by the thought that the gentlemen who came here were not the only ones to be considered in the great movement, but that they had their respective messages to take back to their various organizations and that those various organizations had to be pleased with the results of our achievement. I hope sincerely that that spirit will continue to manifest itself in the work of the Rotary clubs of America. If so, the grand ultimate success of our organization is assured."

At the closing banquet held in the

Gold Room of the Congress Hotel there were sixteen speakers. Among them was Arthur Frederick Sheldon of the Chicago club who said:

"It is our blessed privilege to be standing in the glow of the early morning of this twentieth century upon which the light of wisdom is beginning to shine. The distinguishing mark of the commercialism of the twentieth century is to be cooperation, for, as a man comes into the light of wisdom, he comes to see that only the science of right conduct towards others pays. He comes to see that the science of business is the science of human service. He comes to see that he profits most who serves his fellows best. hailed the Rotary club of Chicago when it was organized and I now hail its nationalization for the reason that in it I recognize one of the evidences of the evolution of the race to a higher plane of consciousness. Tonight it requires no great gift of prophecy to enable us to look ahead and see Rotary, nationalized and internationalized, its present membership added to by new clubs throughout the world, become a river of beneficial influence which shall flow around the world. It cannot fail, for it is fed by the eternal snows of truth."

In closing the banquet, President Ramsay of the Chicago club said:

"We will all do the best we can to roll the Rotary wheel not only around America but around the world."

The next day the Board of Directors met, organized, elected a secretary, etc., and the wheel began to roll. In twenty years it has rolled into more than 3300 cities in more than 50 countries and now comes back to Chicago to celebrate the Silver Jubilee Anniversary of Club Number One.

Who's Who— Among Our Contributors

EUGENE NEWSOM, president of Rotary International, has just returned from the R. I. B. I. Conference, at Edinburgh, where he was one of the distinguished speakers. . . . Henry K. Chang, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in international law, served as secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington, D. C., and is now Consul-General for China, at San Francisco, Calif. . . . Chesley R. Perry, Secretary of Rotary International, had the distinction of presiding as chairman of the first Rotary convention held in Chicago twenty years ago and it is of this first convention that he writes in this number.

Douglas C. McMurtrie is a distinguished American typographer. . . . W. W. Blair-Fish, graduate of Oxford, is organizing secretary of R. I. B. I., and editor of "The Rotary Wheel." . . . Blas E. Rodriguez is a prominent attorney of Tampico, Mexico, and a member of the local Rotary club. . . .

Karel Čapek, Czech dramatist, creator of the play in which "Robots" satirized mechanical tendencies in modern civilization, lives in Prague, Czechoslovakia. . . Walter Locke is editor of the Daily News of Dayton, Ohio. . . . Robert T.

Jones, Ir. captained the American Walker Cup team, which successfully defended the cup this year against the British opponents. . . . Ford Owens is editor of the Times of Van Wert, Ohio. . . . Lillian Dow Davidson is accompanying her husband, Honorary Commissioner James Dow Davidson, who is engaged in Rotary extension in Asia and the Far East. She is a close observer, with the ability to interpret exceptionally well the life and customs of the peoples with whom she comes in contact.





Rotary International

Chicago, June 23-27

Select the road already named the official route for several important Western clubs. Many famous trains, luxuriously equipped and courteously manned, from Northwest, North, West and Southwest to Chicago, including:

The new roller-bearing Olympian-also the Columbianover the electrified route, scenically supreme, from Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane. En route visit Yellowstone Park, through new Gallatin Gateway.

The new roller-bearing Pioneer Limited, leader of the largest fleet of trains, between Minneapolis - St. Paul and Chicago.

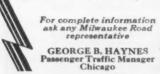
The Southwest Limited from Kansas City.

The new Arrow from Omaha, Council Bluffs, Des Moines, and Sioux City.

The Pacific Limited from San Francisco, Los Angeles.

Many other trains from many other points.

Meals on all trains by Rector of Broadway fame.



ILWAUKEE Electrified Over the Rockies to the Sea ROAD

China: New Forces at Work

[Continued from page 8]

have for ages been familiar. Socially, the changes have been even more marked. The impact of Western civilization and ideals on China's long-established customs has wrought many basic changes in our social institutions. It has given us a new outlook on life. The position of the family, which always has been considered as the social unit, is losing ground. In its place, intense individualism is being developed. The women are being emancipated and are taking their places in our political, social, and economic life.

Economically, we have seen in recent years the remarkable strides that China has made in the improvement of her economical life. She is gradually outgrowing the stage of household industries Manufacture on a scale of intensive production is being carried on through the factory system. This process of industrialization has resulted in the bringing about of an interdependence amongst the various industries, which is today one of the most potent forces working for the consolidation of China, just as the building of many miles of new roads, the inauguration of airroutes, and the installation of a number of radio broadcasting stations are doing in the way of unifying the country.

In less than ten years Rotary has found a strong foothold in China. The rapid extension of Rotary in China and the gradual widening of the various spheres of its activities indicates clearly that it has become a vital agency through which an ever-increasing number of men of affairs are making substantial contributions to our present-day thought and progress. It would not be possible to expect the type of men who have joined the several clubs in China to continue to associate themselves with such an institution unless it has some worthwhile purpose to justify its existence.

If one is asked to account for the rapid

growth of Rotary in China, one need only point out that the principles for which Rotary stands have peculiar application to China at this stage of her transition, but the real success which Rotary has had is due in a very large measure to the fact that it not only professes these principles but also points out the way to their attainment, and teaches us how they may be applied in a practical way to the conduct of our daily affairs. In the several communities in which Rotary is found, it has become in late years a recognized institution and has assumed an outstanding place in charities and civic affairs.

In this critical stage of her transition, China is indeed fortunate to have in her midst an institution that has for one of its objects the furtherance of international understanding. It is a fact that is finding wider acceptance every day that, as between nations, peace and goodwill can only be maintained through mutual understanding and appreciation. Those who are closely identified with Rotary in China cherish the hope that Rotary may be the means of making that country better understood abroad.

It takes but a tourist standing on the top of the Wall of the Old Capital with the wonderful panorama that opens before him of stately palaces and brilliant tile roofs, to realize the grandeur of China's past. But we of this generation believe that her real greatness lies in her future. China is on the eve of great things. She has shown remarkable receptivity to what is best in the West. There is in the Western world a storehouse of surplus vitality and it would be a wonderfully fine contribution if Rotary could be made the channel to tap some of this surplus vitality to be injected into the fabric of an ancient nation which is showing such a keen desire to march with other great nations along the path of progress.

You Need No Baedeker Here

[Continued from page 27]

-their boys' work, community service, international service, vocational service. Preparation for the coming international convention in Chicago called for more space than G. H. Q. could muster. Howard Feighner and his force, working like

a whole town afire, had to hire room in a near-by hotel.

From these various divisions of the program department come the many Rotary publications on subjects concerned with the work of Rotary clubs. At one of these divisions after another

we are faced by a chap we have known all our life and more. We know this as soon as we meet him and have been looked straight and genially in the eye and called by our first name. There is no such thing as a stranger here. We ask questions and the answers come so thick and fast that for once in Chicago we are glad to miss a train.

In addition to preparation for the annual conventions, the program department is concerned with preparations for the international assembly of directors, committee chairmen, and district governors held each year, this year to take place in Chicago immediately before the convention. From here also go suggested programs for the district club executive assemblies each year, presided over by the governors, as well as aid to the governors in planning their district conferences and assistance to the host cities. And lastly, public relations. Rotary International, like every big business which must rely upon the good-will and support of the public, overlooks very few opportunities to spread knowledge of Rotary and correct misinformation.

A dignified gentleman crosses our trail, having the same good time as we. He turns out to be a Rotarian visitor just dropped in from somewhere in England. In a corner we come upon an Austrian Rotarian who is here studying the subject of International Conventions. His home city of Vienna is to entertain Rotary International next year and wants to learn how it is done. They aren't as experienced with big conventions in Europe as we are in North America.

We started at the bottom to work up to the top. We come finally to the Executive Department, charged with the responsibility of Service to the Board of Directors and the district governors. Here there is a constant ebb and flow of activity related and interrelated to every Rotary activity: National units of Rotary International. Area councils.

Branch offices. (There is a branch office in Zurich, Switzerland, and a London office, the headquarters of Rotary in Great Britain and Ireland.) Here in the Executive Department is also the responsibility of service to committees, and to honorary and special commissioners.

And here at the farthest corner of the highest floor we reach him. We had met him before for just a minute. It was in the elevator and he was heading out to dine with another headquarters grey head who, like himself, had been on the job since Rotary was a teething child. In this far top corner of the ninth floor as the day dims and the G. H. Q. staff drifts out into the Chicago chaos for supper, we surround Chesley Perry himself, general secretary in perpetuum, the crisp cap-sheaf of the good-natured, busy crew we have just been quizzing, the staff for service to the Rotary clubs of all the world.

All the pent-up questions of the day pop up for Chesley Perry. Here's Rotary, a new thing on the earth, a movement which has so tapped the stream of human nature and aspiration that without a master, but by spontaneous order and consent, holding to a miraculous degree the interest and ardor of its members, it keeps its course and grows from better to better and from more to more! We see vaguely where it came from. Whither is it going? Will the new generation carry the flag which the old generation lays down? What are the problems, what the dangers, for Rotary? I said I missed my train. Now, prodding with my questions the "oldtimer" of the secretarial desk, I missed my supper!

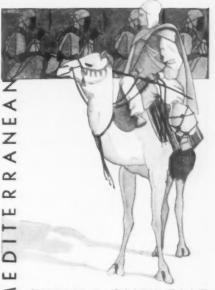
And yet, at Rotary International Headquarters, such is the force of Rotarian good fellowship, they welcome questionmark pests like me. I suspect them of fixing the Chicago trains the way they are just on purpose.

Because We Are Conventional

[Continued from page 16]

undignified lengths. A full order-book should be suitably presented to a manufacturer by a footman in plush kneebreeches at the nineteenth hole of the golf links.

It is, for me, almost a tragic sight to see a British delegate ceasing to be nationally conventional as he becomes internationally conventional. Many a time at Dallas I crept away to a quiet corner or to some sympathetic bosom and wept bitterly about it. When you have seen a Briton (or other European for that matter) wearing the name of his town in large letters on his hat-band, grasping your hand and saying "Pleased to meet you," getting up to breakfast at 7:30 without eggs-and-bacon, singing in pub-



Salaam Aleikum!

Greetings of an Orient dawn, when comes a breeze of the sea to rustle the palms, when pale desert shadows clothe the minarets of mosques, when the clear cool starlight darkness pausing, softly summons languorous day... Then a sudden blaze of glory spreading light and color everywhere, turbaned men and laden camels, aged streets again pulsate with life—the golden cloudless sun of the Ptolemys and Cleopatra once more smiles down upon Egypt.

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THE "ROTARY IDEA"

In commemoration of the 25th Anniversary of Rotary, an artistic bronze statue twenty-five centimetres (9.84 inches) in height was modelled by Comm. Giannino Castiglioni of Milan, representing the "Rotary Idea." Comm. Prof. Castiglioni is one of the greatest sculptors now living and has to his credit splendid works of art such as the sculptures which adorn the Gove nment Fu Iding at Montevideo



and the Magenta monument, a copy of which and the Magenta monument, a copy of which was by order of the Government placed in the Square of Honor at the International Exposition at Barcelona. Comm. Castiglioni is an honorary member of the Reale Accademia delle Belle Arti and a member of the Commissione Artistica Italiana. The statue was cast at the Stefano Johnson establishment (15, Corso Porta Nuova, Milan, Italy) where orders are accepted. It is for sale at \$25.00, f. o. b. Milan.

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Easy to erect—unaf-fected by winds and storm.

The wheel is 31 inches in diameter, plate telling day of meeting is 8 inches by 16 inches. Any copy you may desire can be put on the small plate.

Price, complete for bracket wheel and meet-ing plate, but without nipe for standard

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Manufactured by THE TITUS FOUNDRY Coldwater, Mich.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS IN THIS MAGAZINE PLEASE MENTION The ROTARIAN

lic, and even going without his waistcoat. you may be sure he has tasted the last dregs of degradation in the cup of the British Empire. And the trouble is that you know that he will come back and attempt to degrade his fellow-country-

There is a true story, so sad that I can hardly bear to tell it, of a perfectly respectable Scot who went to Dallas last year, and when he came back not only tried to make the members of his club sing and called them by their first names. but even insisted on maintaining the preposterous doctrine that Americans, viewed in the right light, could be regarded as really almost human. I suppose I have only heard one thing more dreadful than this, and that was the American club on the way to Dallas which discovered that we Britons were undistinguishable from Americans, except by the barbarous way in which we mutilated the daughter tongue.

You see, the world is growing smaller, even if the magazine articles are growing longer.

Why, last year at Dallas there was a man who in half an hour's talk over a coca-cola in the café of the Adolphus conquered a ten-years' aversion to the Japanese. And only last month a maiden from Dallas burst into my office in London and conquered my life-time's aversion to lip-stick.

But why go on? ("Why indeed?" says the editor.)

Football Taught Him a Business Lesson

[Continued from page 31]

further expansion and moved our entire plant to Van Wert in half of a freight

"But our capital was insufficient for our growing business. Howard was still holding on to his railroad job. I was bankrupt but nobody else knew it. Our company had many bills-payable past

"Then it was, after more capital was raised, that things really started.

"The first thing I did was to write every creditor," Mr. Kennedy says. "I not only sent him a check in full for his account but I included six per cent interest for the past-due period, ordered more stock, and made an advance payment on it. Ever since that day we have

been doing our business on a cash-discount basis.

"I've talked to you a lot about Mr. Stagg and football today," Mr. Kennedy said when I was with him, at his plant. "But I want to say, too, that if it hadn't been for my wife's help and inspiration during that trying period back in 1915, I might have forgotten football lessons and everything else."

Mr. Kennedy would rather tell about his football days than his business experiences, but in going through his plant and inquiring about the business policies in effect, it is easy to see that modern business sense and careful planning have been mixed with courage and persistence.

FOR instance, Mr. Kennedy's "black book" shows the business hasn't grown through guesswork. The book is a thick loose-leaf affair, kept in the handiest drawer of Mr. Kennedy's desk. It is indexed and contains information, charts, and figures covering every angle of the company's business.

"If you want to go to Europe and stay a year, I believe I can take this book of yours, study it for a week, and know as much as you do about your business," a friend told him recently.

The Kennedy business isn't a one-man business by any means. There is a capable executive at the head of every department.

"Yes, I believe in brains and am willing to pay for them," Mr. Kennedy explained. "Our executives—key men, I call them—hold frequent conferences and help formulate the policies and plans of our company. These key men get a substantial share of the profits, paid semi-annually. Factory workmen likewise share in the profits. They get a bonus in July and another one just before Christmas each year."

Mr. Kennedy has an interesting group of executives. When he wanted a comptroller a year ago, he went to a southern university and got a professor of economics who had had years of prior training in banking and statistical work. The company's sales-manager formerly owned a prosperous business in Los Angeles. The contract and advertising manager commanded 250 men in the World War when he was only 28. The factory manager began as a machinist. His hobby is fishing and the Kennedy tackleboxes are products of his experiences with a rod and reel. Howard Kennedy

is research manager and it is his job to develop new products.

"I realize that it takes more than one head to run a business, so our people are all chosen with an idea of group management," Mr. Kennedy told me.

"What do you think about a town of 10,000 as a site for your business?" I asked him.

"For us it has many advantages over a large city," he answered. "Most of our workmen have been with us for a considerable period of time, own their own homes, and have their own gardens."

It is easy to check this statement from the factory's labor records. Of all the workmen, 25 per cent have been with the concern for more than 10 years; 56 per cent have worked there for longer than four years and only 11 have been in the shop less than a year.

"I trust that the way we treat our people has something to do with the kind of labor we get, but at the same time I think our labor turnover would be much higher if we were located in a large city," Mr. Kennedy said.

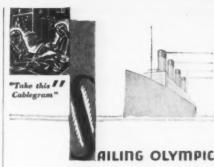
"Your product is low priced and your selling problems must be similar to those of many other manufacturers," I said. "What has been your sales policy?"

"We started selling through jobbers and have always adhered to this plan," Mr. Kennedy answered. "We do sell directly to a few large retailers in big cities but in most territory we pay the jobber his regular commission if we make a shipment direct to a retailer. We've protected the jobbers and remained true to them. For the most part they've fully reciprocated."

Whatever policy or policies may have been responsible, the Kennedy concern has made a growth which some other manufacturers may well envy. It's easy to find Rotary principles actually put to work in this plant.

Mr. Kennedy was one of the organizers of the Van Wert Rotary Club twelve years ago, and is a past president. For the past three years, his concern has financed a ward baseball league, bought uniforms for the players, and staged a banquet for the boys at the end of the season. All this has been done in the name of the Rotary Club.

It was when Mr. Stagg came over to Van Wert from Chicago to address one of these boys' banquets that he first heard Mr. Kennedy's story about the Chicago-Wisconsin game.



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THE ROTARIAN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Speaking the Language of Good-Will

[Continued from page 21]

countries themselves, have frequently made them oppose this logical arrangement of affairs.

If the Mexican envoy to the United States could not speak English, I am sure he would have the sympathy, not only of American officialdom, but of all of those among whom, by reason of his charge, he would have to live and carry on his mission. He would always have to be served by interpreters who would present his ideas in the manner they desired or were able to present them, without his realizing that direct communion of the spirit achieved through a knowledge of the language, and without his having the feeling that everything is understood clearly and definitely-a difficult matter through the mechanics of interpretation.

If it is most inconvenient to have a Mexican representative to the United States who cannot speak English, it is equally unfortunate for an official representative from the United States who cannot speak Spanish and perhaps it is more difficult. On the other hand, if this representative spoke our language, by this very accomplishment alone he

would gain our good-will toward himself and the country he represents, for this fact would be regarded as a demonstration of consideration and good-will to which we would do our best to respond.

That which I say of my own country, I believe is applicable to every other Spanish-speaking nation and generalizing on this phenomenon, when by means of that direct contact which a language gives, all men are able to understand clearly the aims and ideas of those with whom they are or wish to be in correspondence, the dawn of good-will and peace among nations will have begun to illuminate the world. I therefore consider the decision of President Hoover a transcendent expression of the goodwill and justice which reigns over this North American Continent-all honor to him and to the great country over which he presides.

And Rotary, for its part, has thus received inestimable coöperation toward realization of better understanding among peoples whose tongues vary, but whose hearts beat to the same common interests of humanity.

An Attempt at Murder

[Continued from page 23]

one want to pay me out for? Can you tell me that?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, sir. But perhaps you'll think of something by to-morrow. You won't be nervous here by yourself?"

"No," said Mr. Tomsa in a reflective tone. It's queer, he said to himself uneasily when he was alone. Why should anybody shoot at me—me of all people. Why, I'm almost a recluse. I attend to my work in the office and I go home—why, I scarcely ever come into contact with anyone. Why should they want to shoot me, then? he wondered with increasing bitterness at such ungracious behaviour.

Little by little he began to pity himself. Here I've been slaving away like a horse, he said to himself, even taking work home with me, never extravagant, never giving myself a treat, living like a snail in its shell, and bang! someone comes along to put a bullet into me. My goodness, it's queer how fiendish people are, marvelled Mr. Tomsa aghast. What have I ever done to anyone? Why should anyone have such a shocking, such an insane hatred for me?

Perhaps there's some mistake, he began to reassure himself, as he sat on the bed, holding the boot he had taken off. The man just took me for somebody else he had a grudge against. That must be it, he said to himself with relief, because why should anyone hate me like that?

The boot fell from Mr. Tomsa's hand. Well, of course, he suddenly reminded himself with a slight sense of embarrassment, that was a silly thing for me to do, but it was really nothing but a slip of the tongue. I was talking to Roubal and without meaning to, I made a nasty remark about his wife. Of course, every-

one knows the minx carries on with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and he knows it too, but he doesn't want to let people see he does. And I, ass that I was, went and stupidly blurted it out. . . .

Mr. Tomsa remembered how Roubal had merely gulped and dug his nails into his clenched hands. Good heavens, he said to himself horrified, the man was cut to the quick. Why, he must be madly in love with her. Of course, I tried to smooth matters over, but my word, didn't he bite his lips! There's no doubt he's got good reason for hating me, reflected Mr. Tomsa gloomily. I know he didn't shoot at me, that's nonsense, but I really couldn't be surprised, if—

Mr. Tomsa stared at the floor abashed. Or what about that tailor, he reminded himself, very constrainedly. For fifteen years I used to order my clothes from him and then one day I was told that he was in the last stage of consumption. Of course, a man fights shy of wearing clothes that a consumptive tailor has been coughing into, so I stopped getting my suits from him. And then he came and begged and prayed of me, saying he

hadn't got a stitch of work to do, that his wife was ill, and that he wanted to send his children away; if I'd only let him have the pleasure of my custom again. Good heavens, the poor fellow looked as pale as a ghost and from the way he sweated I could see how ill he was.

"Mr. Kolinsky," I said to him, "look here, it's no use, I need a better tailor; you haven't given me satisfaction."

"I'll try my hardest, sir," he stammered, sweating with fright and shame.

It's a wonder he didn't burst out crying. And I, Mr. Tomsa reminded himself, I just sent him away saying "I'll see," the sort of remark that poor devils like that know only too well. There's a man who might hate me, said Mr. Tomsa to himself in alarm, it must be an awful thing to go and beg and pray of someone for your very life and to be sent away so unfeelingly. But what was I to do with him? I know he couldn't have done it, but ——

R. TOMSA began to feel more and more downhearted. That was another

unpleasant business, he reminded himself, the way I gave our office janitor a wigging. There was a file I couldn't find and so I sent for the old fellow and called him names as if he'd been a school-boy and in front of other people, too.

"This is what you call keeping things in order, I suppose, you idiot. You make the whole place look like a pig-sty, I ought to give you the sack."

And then I found the file in my own drawer. And the poor old chap never murmured, he just trembled and blinked his eyes. A surge of heat caused Mr. Tomsa to wince. A man can't very well apologize to his subordinate, he said to himself peevishly, even if he has been a little hard on him. But how those subordinates must hate their seniors. Wait a bit, I'll give the old fellow some cast-off clothes; but perhaps that would be humiliating for him, too.

Mr. Tomsa now found it unbearable to continue lying in bed. The counterpane was stifling him. He sat on the bed with his arms round his knees and stared into the darkness—

Another face floated into Mr. Tomsa's



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mind, the pale and hollow face of his colleague, Wankl. Poor Wankl, he said to himself, he wanted to be clerk in charge and I was appointed instead. It would have meant a few hundred crowns more every year and he's got six children. I heard that he wanted to have his eldest daughter trained as a singer, but he can't afford it, and I was promoted above his head because he's such a slow-witted duffer and a drudge. His wife's terribly skinny and bad-tempered through having to be always pinching and scraping. He swallows a dry roll for his midday lunch. Mr. Tomsa lapsed into dismal thoughts. Poor Wankl, he must feel down in the mouth when he sees me without any family, getting a bigger salary than he has. But how can I help it? I always feel rather uncomfortable when he looks at me in that surly and reproachful way he's got.

Mr. Tomsa rubbed his forehead, on which the sweat of anguish had broken out. Yes, he said to himself, and then there was a waiter who did me out of a few crowns. And I called up the proprietor and he dismissed the waiter on the spot. You thief, he snarled at him, I'll see that nobody in Prague gives you a job. And the man never said a word, but just went away. I could see his shoulder-blades sticking out under his jacket.

Mr. Tomsa now found his bed unbearable. He sat down by his wireless set and put on the head-phones. But the wireless set was silent, amid the silent hours of the night. Mr. Tomsa covered his face with his hands and recalled all the people he had ever met, the queer and paltry people who meant nothing to him and of whom he had never thought.

N the morning he called at the policestation. He was rather pale and ill at ease.

"Well, sir," asked the police-inspector, "have you thought of anyone who's likely to have a grudge against you?"

Mr. Tomsa shook his head.

"I don't know," he said hesitantly. "You see, there's so many who are likely to have a grudge against me that —"

He made a helpless gesture with his hand.

"The fact of the matter is you never can tell how many people you may have done harm to. You know, I'm not going to sit by that window any more. And I've come to ask you to let the whole matter drop."

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[Continued from page 35]

shaky start. After collecting two fives on the first two holes, the ball started rolling for me. The two strokes lost to par on the first two came back at the seventh and eighth, an additional one was gained at the eleventh and another at the thirteenth, so that on the sixteenth tee I had par left for a seventy. I had not made a costly mistake since the second hole and had left the difficult part of the course behind. Each of the last three holes was of driveand-pitch length, probably the easiest stretch on the entire course.

Yet, although I did not realize it at the time, I allowed my attitude toward the rest of the round to become just what it should never be. Seventy was good enough, I thought, and there was absolutely no danger of slipping a stroke on these last three holes. For me the round was over. I had merely to go through the simple formality of holing out on the last three holes.

F I had been intent on picking up further strokes against par, I should have been far better off. If the finishing holes were such easy fours why did I not attack them on the basis of threes. But I did not. I teed my ball on the sixteenth tee, addressed it carelessly, without even one look at the fairway, and hit a perfectly straight shot over the roadway out of bounds-and this, too, when confronted by one of the widest fairways of the course. The penalty being stroke and distance, I had thrown away two precious shots. That shocked me into consciousness again, and I called myself every kind of a fool I could think of but that helped little toward getting the strokes back.

One shot carelessly played can lead to a lot of grief. I think a careless shot invariably costs more than a bad shot painstakingly played, for it leaves the morale in a state of disorder. It is easy to accept mistakes when we know that they could not be avoided.

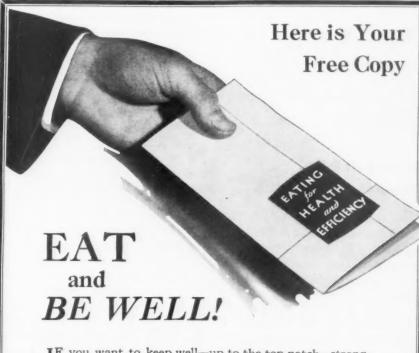
It has always been interesting to me to try to determine exactly what it is that makes it possible for a really good putter to experience days when he is as helpless on the putting greens as a babe in arms. I can understand how it can be that a first-class player will occasionally play lamentably poor golf from tee to green,

for the long shots require a more complicated swing which demands nicer timing than the putting stroke. It is not surprising that even the best are sometimes off with the woods or irons. But the putting stroke is the simplest of all. I do not believe that there comes a day when the expert putter finds a defect which he cannot discover and correct in a few moments practice. Yet he may go thirty-six holes putting like an old scrubwoman who had never seen a golf club.

I do not mean by this that I seek an

explanation why we do not always hole a good many long putts. I do not appraise good putting by the number of long ones. Luck plays too big a part in these. The tell-tale putts are those of three, four, six, and eight feet, the kind a good putter should hole consistently. It is when putts of these lengths are missed regularly that an explanation ought to be forthcoming.

I have said that I did not believe there was a defect of the putting stroke which a good putter could not discover and



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correct with a few moments practice. This is certainly true within my own experience. I frequently have the kind of off days I have described, and when I do, it is my habit, if the match behind is not pressing too close, to try a few practice putts on each green. Usually these practice shots come off well enough, particularly so far as an accurate striking of the ball is concerned. But usually too, even after the practice, the next four-footer curls away from the hole.

I truly believe that a great proportion of putting difficulties is in the player's mind. Of course, there are days when one lines up a putt more accurately, particularly the long fellows, and days when the touch is nicer than usual. But when a putt of four feet is missed it is rarely because of a mistake in choosing the line. The mishap is almost always caused by mishitting the ball, either by striking it off line, or by failing to strike it cleanly.

OW the simplest stroke in golf ought to be that required for a four-foot putt. The backstroke need be only four or five inches in length, and there should be no temptation to look up, for the objective lies well within the range of vision all the while the stroke is being played. There can be only one explanation: that the player becomes uncertain and worried about the shot, and his anxiety sets off tension which actually forces him to hit the ball off line. I have missed some short putts through rank carelessness, but these are very few compared to the number I have missed because I was scared stiff of them.

I think no player feels particularly uncomfortable over a twenty-foot putt. There his mind is at ease so far as a miss is concerned. He does not fear missing because he does not expect to hole. He has a right to hole one only occasionally from that distance. His attitude is aggressive. He is trying hard to hole the putt and pick up a stroke, whereas when the distance becomes shorter he tries to avoid missing and avoid losing a stroke. He is hopeful from twenty feet and anxious from four.

I think when one is making short putts is the only time that it is of any use to pick out a spot on the green over which to roll the ball. If the player will locate a spot on the line about halfway between the ball and the hole, and hit for that, forgetting that his putt may turn off, he

will putt infinitely better. I have always found that the surest way to miss is to worry about some little bump or undulation for which I could find no way to account.

About the most maddening sound a golfer can hear is the guffawing laugh of some over-a-hundred expert in the gallery when a four- or five-foot putt wheels out of the hole. The sound is not pleasant when the missed putt shrinks to two feet or less, but in that case the player's resentment is less violent because he himself feels that he very likely deserves everything he gets.

I have often wished that there was some way to impress upon these loud-voiced persons the real difficulty of a short putt over a fast green when anything of importance depends upon the success of the effort. But because the duffer never feels the strain of competition, and possibly also because he seldom bothers to putt or count the short ones, he cannot appreciate how it feels to be confronting a yard putt that simply must go down.

A good many short putts are missed through nothing else than rank carelessness. The thing looks so simple that it is hard to view it seriously. Yet it will be observed that comparatively few very short putts are missed in the course of a friendly informal round. This would argue that tension and anxiety caused more misses than lack of care, and we might be convinced of that were it not for the diabolical perversity which every golfer knows to be inherent in a golf ball. A casual tap with the back of the putter is enough to hole any short putt when no one cares much whether it goes in or not, but once large issues are placed upon the result, two hands and a world of pains are required to steer the ball into the hole.

There is nothing so demoralizing as missing a short putt. I have seen numbers of times, a man's entire game, from tee to green, entirely destroyed in the course of a few holes as a result of one little putt. One missed, the next one looks doubly hard; that cast away too, then the approach putts begin to stop all distances from the cup, applying the pressure with even greater force. Soon putting becomes impossible and the player begins to force his long game, trying to place his second shots close to the hole so that he will have to do little

putting. A rapid progression through these stages results before long in utter

Long ago I learned that no putt is short enough to be despised. I have long since realized the folly of one-handed, backhanded, and all other kinds of disgusted efforts. When it matters at all whether or not the next stroke goes in, no matter how short the putt may be, it receives as close attention as I am able to give. I always take a stance and address even when the ball is lying at the very edge of the hole.

I shall never forget my feelings as I prepared to tap in my last putt at Columbus to win the American Open. The ball could not have been more than three inches from the cup, yet I was in mortal terror lest I should strike the ground and fail to move the ball even that distance. It can be done, you know.

It is always best to remember that even the little ones count.

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The Artist's New Teacher

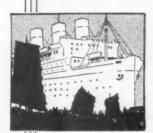
[Continued from page 11]

dynamo? Again, this is a matter of evolution, present forms being determined by considerations of utility developed in actual experience.

The airplane is another representative of engineering design. The sole aim in planning it is to reduce weight, lessen air resistance in flight, and develop power, speed, and stability. No one has been concerned with its ultimate shape and form, providing it fulfills these functions satisfactorily.

Not one of these characteristic products of the twentieth century, then, have been designed in the usual sense of that word. They have been planned to achieve the highest possible degree of "fitness to purpose," and it is this principle that has determined their ultimate form. Yet as we look with fresh eyes at the steel bridge, the locomotive, the dynamo, the airplane, we see them as things supremely beautiful. It is in forms such as these, planned with the sole idea of performing their function to the highest possible degree, that we find our twentieth century standards of beauty.

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gineer the present-day designer has evolved his creed: "Form follows function." By this creed is tested the soundness of all design in the applied arts in the modern spirit.

There are two corollaries to this principle. First, an object must not disguise the principle of its construction. Second, it must not disguise the material of which it is made. The former makes it imperative that a steel frame building shall look the part, rather than be camouflaged—as many of the early skyscrapers were—to look like a stone building. According to the second corollary, wood must not be gilded, but must look like wood; paper should not masquerade as leather. All imitation and sham are taboo.

THESE principles of modern design are revolutionary, particularly in their influence on the method of approach. The designer in times past has thought of form and ornament as all-important; of utility and structure as considerations of subordinate moment. So they have striven to outdo one another in the complication and detail of their ornamentation.

When the modern designer has achieved an object perfectly fitted to its purpose, he stops. Ornamentation is practically eliminated, and what vestige remains is simple to a degree. Geometric forms, which are the most elementary forms we know, recur often in the work of modern designers. "Fussiness" is notable by its absence.

It may be well to say here that the best of modern design is not freakish or extreme but, on the contrary, simple and restrained. The contrast between the serenity and simplicity of a living-room competently designed in the modern style and the stuffiness and elaboration of a typical parlor of the mid-McKinley period is striking indeed.

The new spirit is abroad, beyond shadow of a doubt. It is apparent in the design of furniture, lighting fixtures, chinaware, glassware, textiles, and a myriad of other products. Above all, it is to be observed in American architecture.

It is in architecture that the United States has made its major contribution to modern design, largely because of the fact that this country was the cradle of steel construction. As has already been intimated, architects tried to make the first skyscrapers look like stone buildings, which were supported by their walls. The result was insincere and thus unsound. But the engineer soon gained the upper hand and the steel buildings of today look like what they are: vertical columns of steel, on which are hung a thin sheathing of wall to keep out the weather. Cornices and copings have gone by the board, as serving no useful purpose, and other considerations of utility have brought into being the set-back, a modern device which has proved necessary in a community of tall buildings. Ornament as such is a matter of history.

The principles of modern design in architecture are exemplified by many recent buildings: among them the Palm-

olive Building in Chicago and the Daily News building in New York. Even the most conservative will acknowledge them to be structures of great beauty.

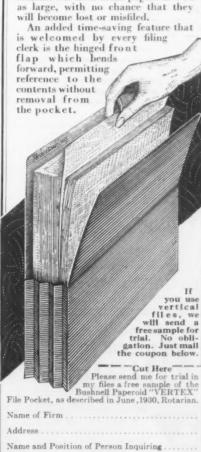
The stimulus to modern design in the other applied arts has come largely from Germany and France and the work of our artists in these fields is under an influence distinctly Continental. In other words, there is an interplay of influence and experience all leading in the direction of greater simplicity in all design.

In exerting an undoubted influence on modern design, the engineer has thus succeeded in leading the artist back to some first principles he was in grave danger of forgetting.

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Trailing Along Through Asia

[Continued from page 43]

its narrow valley forming the stem. The emerald stem is a strip varying from three to nine miles in breadth and forms one of the greenest carpets on the face of the earth but not one single blade of grass would grow without irrigation. The annual flooding of the land by the river leaves behind it a rich, black silt of extraordinary fertility and each square mile of land capable of cultivation is called upon to support 1800 people. Imagine if you can, all that part of the United States extending from the Atlantic coast to Illinois and from the Great Lakes to Florida, and yet possessing an actual cultivable area equal only to the little State of Massachusetts, yet so incredibly rich is the cotton and wheat growing section that land there sells for \$1,000 to \$3,000 an acre. Egyptian cotton is conceded to be the finest in the world. This is a modern introduction but we all know how in the ancient world the surrounding countries looked to Egypt for grain.

Now, the 'orrible parts of Egypt are those arid, tawny deserts, so sharply confining the green stem, and as viewed from the train, appears sometimes beyond the crop, and level with it and sometimes on a plateau above. Only unremitting toil keeps these cruel sands at bay.

This journey through the very heart of Egypt, filled our minds with memory-haunting pictures of this intensely interesting cour ry and its industrious, exceedingly hard-working fellaheen. A vast number of these peasants: men, women

and children, aided by their domestic animals, must toil long hours for what would appear as a rather miserable, dreary existence. The entire landscape, to the very edge of the desert is spotted with their dark forms.

The Koran says, "By water, everything lives" and Egypt is a living example of this maxim. Most of the occupations of both men and women have to do with water. At the edge of any stream or canal, one constantly sees the long counter-balanced pole of the shadoof working up and down, and up and down until one wondered if it ever stopped at all. A bronze native, clad only in a loin cloth, pulls down the bucket at the end, lifts it, full of water, empties it into a ditch, pulls it down for more and thus it goes on hour after hour. If the source is far below, three or four shadoofs are placed one above another.

Thanks to the British, Egypt possesses great dams with which the waters of the Nile can be controlled which have not only added large areas of irrigated land but have provided more scientific irrigation for the older tracts. The arable districts are criss-crossed with irrigation canals, with certain of the banks between them broadened into roads. Intimate little "close ups" of engrossing interest constantly delighted the eye.

With so much to interest me and to write about, I must not neglect Rotary, and I assure you that Rotary is ever in our minds. The Cairo Club was described



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in my last month's contribution and I will now quote from my husband's notes in regard to other possibilities in Egypt.

"Wide spread extension of Rotary through Egypt will depend upon the interest that Egyptians will take in our organization. At present it is doubtful if there can be found a sufficient number who would understand and be impressed with Rotary and who would make good Rotarians to enable clubs to be maintained in purely Egyptian communities. Clubs are successful in Japan with an exclusively Japanese membership and they will surely become so elsewhere in Asia, perhaps in a surprising briefness of time. For the present, however, we must depend, it would appear, upon a foundation of European members. Thus some of the cities in Egypt, of which I write, while large in population are without a sufficient number of European residents to make it appear wise to attempt organization at present.

Alexandria* is first in importance for Rotary extension with its population of 600,000 people. It is now first in Egypt commercially though second to Cairo in population. In summer the King and his Court come from Cairo to take up residence here during the heated period. Thus it is the summer capital of the nation. Since ancient days the Greeks have maintained positions of importance here and today we find some 40,000 of them with many outstanding men in control of large commercial concerns, banks, etc. Italians come next in population with 25,000, then the British with 15,000, and the French with 10,000. There is, of course a fine chance for a Rotary club here and the Cairo Rotarians have the matter well in hand.

HERE are several other cities with Rotary possibilities. Port Said lies at the north end of the Suez Canal, 148 miles from Cairo by rail, with a population of 104,000 people. However, I was able to secure only a meager list of classifications since most of the industry is confined to shipping and coal. Tanta and Mansura are prosperous cities in the richest part of Egypt, but there are very few available Europeans and the clubs would have to be largely Egyptian in membership. Assuit, 70 miles south of Cairo, a provincial capital, is one of the wealthiest and most

^{*}The Rotary Club of Alexandria was organized on March 4th by members of the Cairoclub.—Editor.

imposing of the smaller cities of Egypt. It is the center of a rich agricultural area in which cotton is the leading product and several well-known Egyptians live here, one of whom is already a member of the Cairo Club. A good club is possible here and one which the Cairo members are now hoping to organize.

Luxor is a famous mecca for tourists for here are the most extensive remains of temples and tombs in all Egypt. The British consular agent, who thought a club might be possible, could only list for me a sufficient number for a very small group. With Egyptian officials included, however, there is a possibility. Assuan is a small city, but a well-known name due to the location here of the great Assuan Dam, a huge granite structure stretching across the Nile for a mile and a quarter, built at a cost of \$23,000,000. It backs the water up in the Nile for over 100 miles making possible irrigation for thousands of acres. It is the provincial capital and a small club would be possible here.

Khartoum was on my original itinerary. I found, however, that two weeks would be required to visit it and due to a fortunate meeting in Cairo with a British resident of Khartoum who gave me much of the information I sought, I decided to abandon this long and expensive trip. It is the important capital of British Sudan, located on the Nile, 1200 miles south of Cairo. British and Egyptian flags fly side by side in the Sudan for the country is ruled jointly by the two governments. There are sufficient classifications for a club which would necessarily and properly include a number of officials, Egyptian and British. The Cairo Club will doubtless watch the situation here, for next to Alexandria and Assuit, Khartoum offers, I believe, the most likely prospect.

"Within two or three years, we may have four or five clubs in Egypt and Sudan, two in Palestine and one in Syria which will doubtless be about the limit of extension for some years to come. This is scarcely sufficient for a district but we may be unable to do any better."

They say, "Every light has its shadow" and Egypt has some shadow,—the "bakshish" beggars on every hand, the dishonesty of so many of its petty traders, the heavily burdened *fellaheen* and the squalor and dirt in which they live; but after all here we are in the unchanging East where even an enlightened govern-

ment finds it difficult to induce the masses to deviate from the manners and customs so painstakingly handed down from the generations that have gone before. And when all is said and done, is it not this very thing—this tenacious clinging to the past—that draws us to these strange lands? Surely we do not travel hundreds of miles to see our own countrymen? Better stay at home for that.

BUT now for the bright light itself where else on the face of God's great earth can be experienced quite the same awe-inspiring thrill that steals over the soul of one attuned to this Egypt, thousands of years old in years, as one comes full tilt upon her many superbly wrought titanic monuments? Perhaps one creeps into its ancient heart more surely in the vicinity of modern Luxor where Thebes, its resplendent capital, existed for so many years. To come from that silent, desolate Valley of the Kings, where deep within those sun-parched hills the Pharaohs tried so unsuccessfully to conceal their earthly remains, out into the great Theban plain where some of their most stupendous achievements still defy Time, is a constant succession of deep emotions. I think there is no living person who, entering that grand old Hypostyle Hall in the Temple of Amun at Karnak, could gaze entirely unmoved at that forest of great sculptured columns which are undoubtedly among the mightiest of man's accomplishments.

Egypt has somewhat of a dual nature. Age-old and majestic on the one hand and perennially youthful on the other, ancient Egypt perhaps requires a particular turn of mind, a sympathetic response, to appreciate her charms but the Egypt of To-day is a lovely country with a seductive beauty all her own which none can fail to appreciate. Did her treasure chest contain but the one jewelthe living Nile, still would the treasureseeker experience "Paradise enow" as he dreamily floats upon its silvery surface. Feluccas like mammoth butterflies brush by him, their tall sails rendered more dazzlingly white by the palm-fringed grass-green land, village-dotted, its color in turn intensified by the background of yellow desert while overhead the sunset sky transforms itself into a thing of beauty. And thus does Egypt sing her siren song to the world.



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Rotary 'Round the World

[Continued from page 40]

treated. This year's show netted a high club morale and \$1,650, bringing the seven-year fund total to \$8,000.

"Robos," Rowboats, Robots

Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore Rotarians possessing launches, sailboats, or yachts —but not rowboats!—are eligible for "Robos." "Robos," the handy-name of the Rotary Boat Owners' Society, has no connection with Robots. Dues are "25 cents weekly, collectible if possible," states the announcement.

Boys Are Their Hobbies

RACINE, Wis. — Twenty-six Racine Rotarians give their spare time to Boy Scout activities. Eight of the thirteen members of the Racine County Scout Council's executive board are Rotarians, and three more Rotarians officiate on the Council and Court of Honor committees. The club has raised a total of \$12,000 for Boy Scout and Y. M. C. A. summer-camp programs.

Goodwill in 19 Languages

SOUTH BEND, Ind.—Rotarians heard a Babel of tongues, when nineteen Notre Dame University students from various lands participated in an "International Day" program. Each spoke in his native language, then translated his remarks. Some of the youthful orators are sons of South American Rotarians.

Clinic School and Job

ESCANABA, MICH.—Their first clinic a failure, local Rotarians found out the reason why. Now many of their young crippled patients can run, dance, and play. But that is not all they can do. Scholarships enable them to become self-supporting and the Rotarians help them find jobs.

Philately Encouraged

PEORIA, ILL.—Boys are adept at collecting stamps. Rotarian Frank H. Bush of the local club says so, and he should know. He has collected thousands of stamps and given them away to boys. No stamp collection of his own, he pays the postage to send them to Scouts, school boys, crippled children. Many Rotary clubs in Europe and elsewhere have sent him hundreds of cancelled stamps, which he has passed along to youthful philatelists.

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1880

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John Davey struggled through the first 21 years with only a few helpers in the practice of his new science of tree surgery. Then in 1901 he published his first book, "The Tree Doctor," illustrated largely with photographs made by his own hands.

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JOHN DAVEY 1846-1923 Father of Tree Surgery

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